WHY RICE SHOULD TAME THE STATE DEPARTMENT

LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

WHY BUSH WON'T TAME THE PENTAGON

SPENCER ACKERMAN

SPECIAL *Holiday Arts Issue*

Stanley Kauffmann, David Hajdu, Jed Perl, Lee Siegel, James Wood

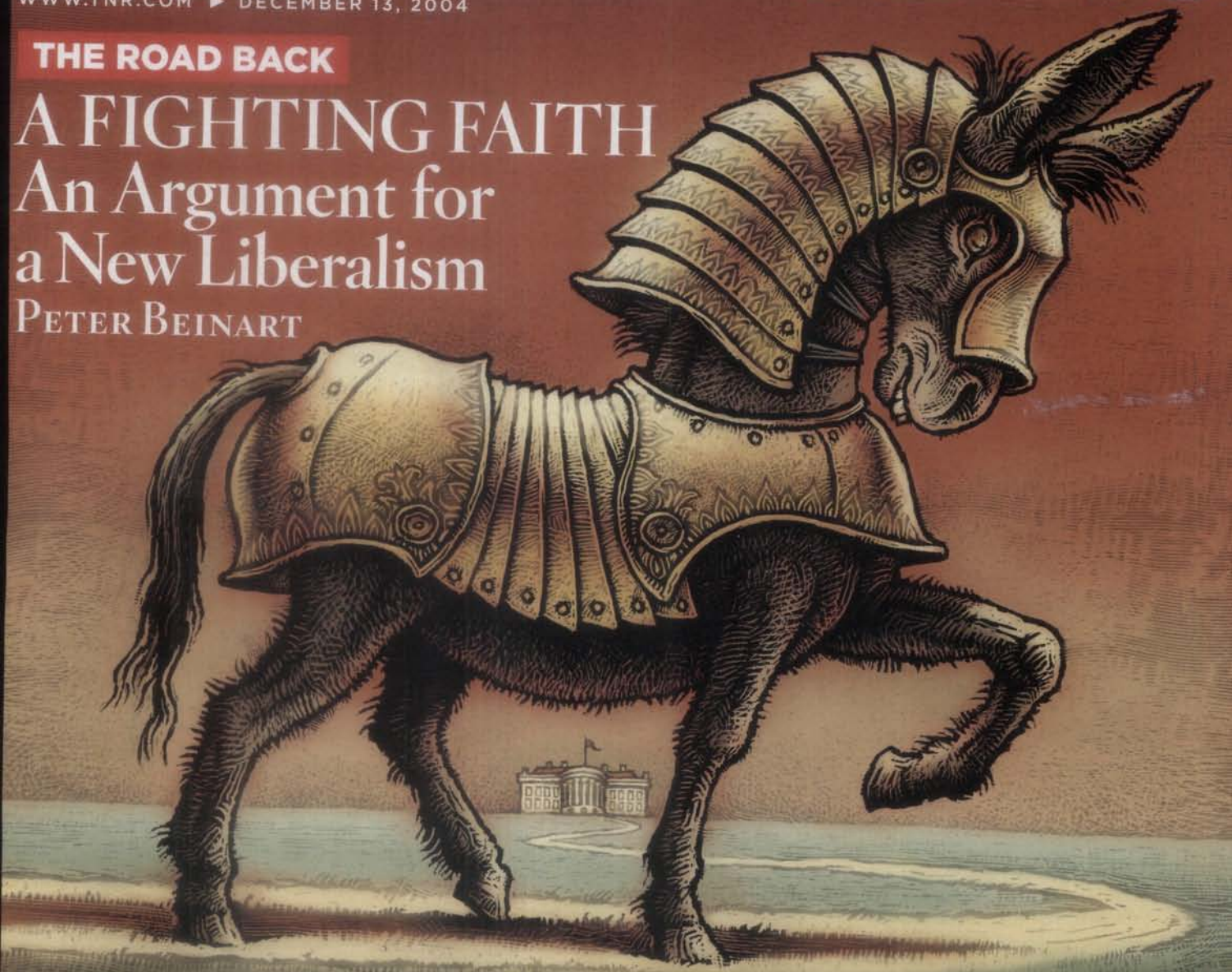
THE NEW REPUBLIC

WWW.TNR.COM ▶ DECEMBER 13, 2004

THE ROAD BACK

A FIGHTING FAITH
An Argument for a New Liberalism

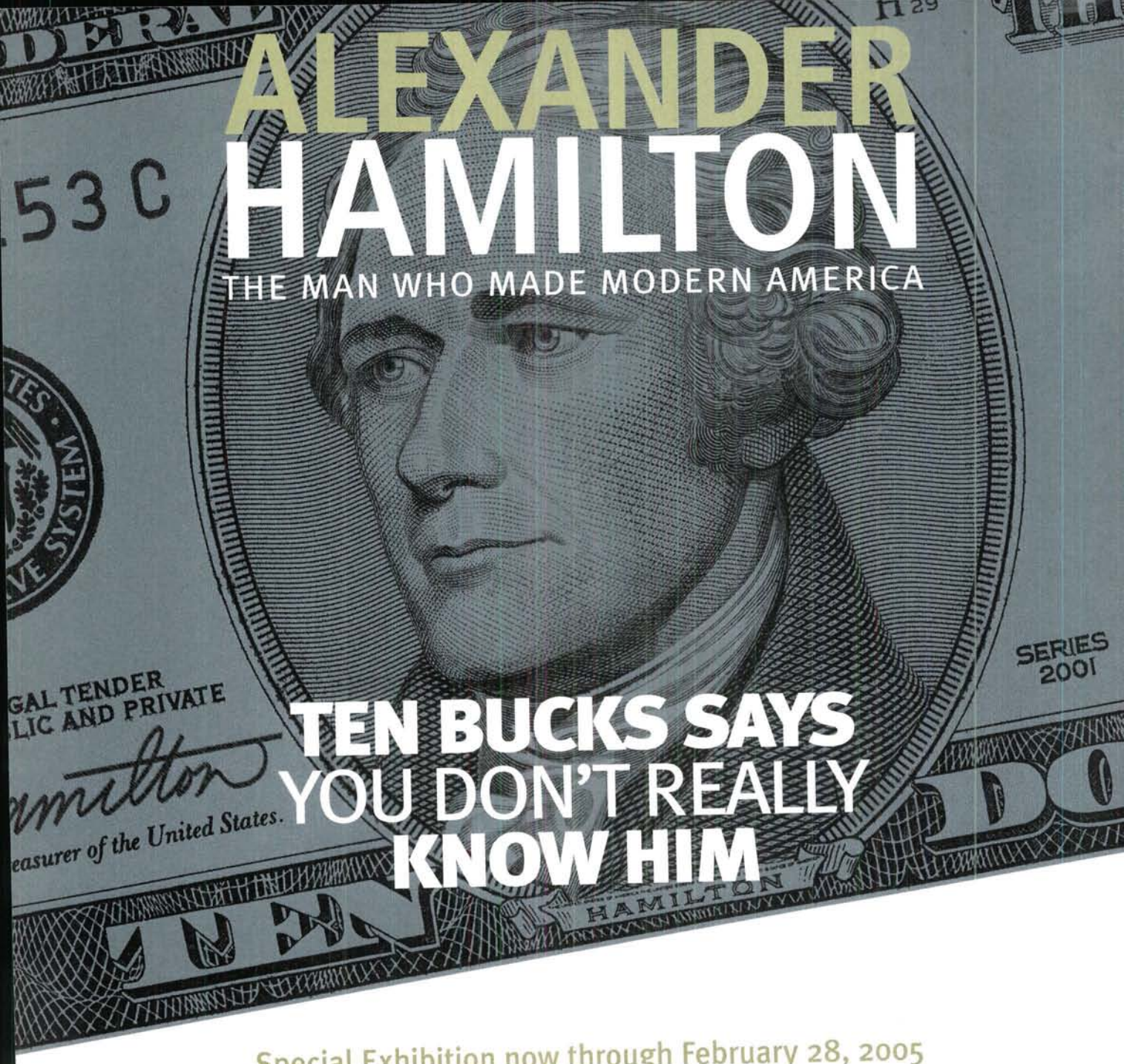
Peter Beinart



#BXNRTKG ***AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#907010000554422# 0442 14MAR05 19
RON K UNZ 0001
371 2983-5
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

$3.95US $3.95CAN 48
0 71486 01742 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Special Exhibition now through February 28, 2005

With deep appreciation to our corporate sponsors: BEAR STEARNS Commerce Bank Bloomberg

Programs at the New-York Historical Society are made possible, in part, with public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency.

New-York Historical Society | Making History for 200 Years

Central Park West at 77th Street 212-873-3400 www.AlexanderHamiltonExhibition.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR Peter Beinart
LITERARY EDITOR Leon Wieseltier
EXECUTIVE EDITOR J. Peter Scoblic
MANAGING EDITOR Jeremy Kahn
FOREIGN EDITOR Joshua Kurlantzick
SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn, Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley, Gregg Easterbrook, Franklin Foer, Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis, Lawrence F. Kaplan, Ryan Lizza, Noam Scheiber, Andrew Sullivan, James Wood, Jason Zengerle
LEGAL AFFAIRS Jeffrey Rosen
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Adam B. Kushner
TNR ONLINE
Richard Just, Editor
Christiane Culhane, Culture Editor
FILMS Stanley Kauffmann
THEATER Robert Brustein
ART Jed Perl
MUSIC David Hajdu
ARCHITECTURE Martin Filler
DANCE Jennifer Homans
TELEVISION Lee Siegel
POETRY EDITOR Glyn Maxwell
NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS (Basic Books)
Chip Rossetti
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Fouad Ajami, David A. Bell, Paul Berman, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann, Robert Kagan, Michael Kinsley, Charles Krauthammer, Jeremy McCarter, John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland, Christopher Orr, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf, Ronald Steel, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor, E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer, Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles, Vint Lawrence, David Schorr
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
Massoud Ansari, Hassan Fattah, Masha Gessen, Yossi Klein Halevi, Janine Zacharia
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Spencer Ackerman
ART/DESIGN DIRECTION
Joe Heroun, Christine Car/H2C Media
EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR
Laura E. Obolensky
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR AND INFORMATION-TECHNOLOGY DIRECTOR
Bruce Steinke
PRODUCTION MANAGER
Henry Riggs
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Kara Baskin, Marisa Katz, Clay Risen
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Alexander Barnes Dryer
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR
Deborah Friedell
ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR Melanie Rehak
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Telis Demos, Tom Frank, Keelin McDonell

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER Stephanie Sandberg
GENERAL MANAGER Allen Chin
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Lori Fleishman Dorr
ONLINE BUSINESS DIRECTOR Ari Gersen
ONLINE MARKETING MANAGER Emilie Harkin

ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Richard Parker
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING, WEST
Joan Stapleton Tooley
ACCOUNT MANAGER Julie Sturmak
PUBLISHING REPRESENTATIVE
Perry Janoski, Allston-Cherry, Ltd.
MARKETING MANAGER Kate Genser
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Alexandra Scott

TNR/ON SYMPOSIA ON PUBLIC POLICY
Joan Daly

FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER Debra Sotelo
ACCOUNTING ASSISTANT Vanessa Wilson
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Ginnie Lee
BUSINESS INTERN Jaime Pearlstine

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
ROGER HERTOG, Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

DECEMBER 13, 2004 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,691 VOLUME 231

Cover Story

Peter Beinart **17** **A Fighting Faith** At the dawn of the cold war, liberals rose to meet the challenge of a new totalitarian threat. Today, three years after September 11, they still have not—and time is running out. An argument for a new liberalism.

Politics & the World

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Was Kerry a flip-flopper? &c.

Andrew Sullivan **6** **TRB | Federal Express** Remember when Republicans believed in states' rights?

The Editors **9** **Scream 2** The next chairman of the Democratic Party must not be Howard Dean.

10 **NOTEBOOK** Alabama votes for segregation, &c.

Spencer Ackerman **12** **Small Change** Why President Bush never wanted intelligence reform—and still doesn't.

Stéphanie Giry **13** **Collateral** Why Jacques Chirac is quietly exulting over George W. Bush's reelection.

Lawrence F. Kaplan **16** **State's Rights** Condi Rice's biggest problem won't be purging too many unruly bureaucrats at the State Department. It'll be purging too few.

Jonathan Chait **50** **WASHINGTON DIARIST | Mad About Me**

Books & the Arts: Holiday Arts Issue

Stanley Kauffmann **30** **FILMS | Delicate Subjects** *Kinsey* inevitably sensationalizes its subject; *Finding Neverland* flits past Barrie's brilliance.

David Hajdu **31** **MUSIC | Unchained Heart** By mixing traditional gospel with rhythm and blues, Ray Charles virtually invented soul music. But it was his voice—sweet, gravelly, and incomparably emotional—that proved his genius.

Jed Perl **34** **ART | Bookings** We think of art books as coffee-table behemoths, but some of the best books work equal magic on a smaller scale. A survey of this season's most stimulating offerings.

Lee Siegel **40** **TELEVISION | The Attraction of Repulsion** From *The Godfather* onward, the Mafia has exerted a powerful influence on the way Americans think about themselves. But are the Sopranos really just like any other family? A consideration of the gangster in American culture, from Joseph Valachi to Tony Soprano.

James Wood **47** **The Ogee Curve** *The Line of Beauty* by Alan Hollinghurst

Yehuda Amichai **32** **38** **42** **46** **POEMS** | *Posthumous Poems* translated by Leon Wieseltier

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY *Phil Foster*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

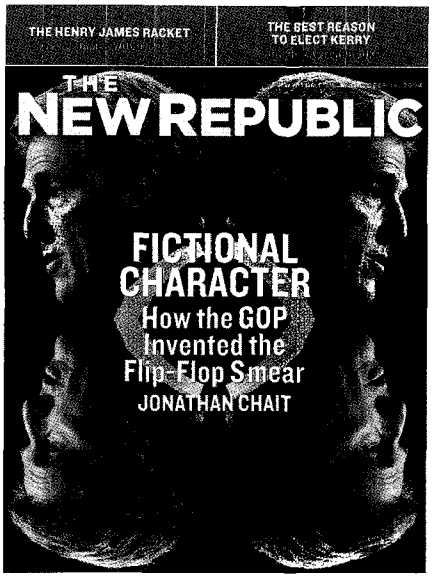
CORRESPONDENCE

IDENTITY POLITICS

JONATHAN CHAIT TOO EASILY DISmisses Senator John Kerry's positions on a key issue ("Fictional Character," October 18). While several of Kerry's campaign statements were used out of context, his approval rating took a beating because of one issue: his ever-changing position on Iraq. Kerry voted against the 1991 Gulf war, even after President George H.W. Bush fully involved the United Nations to expel Saddam Hussein's forces from Kuwait. In the Senate, the majority of Kerry's colleagues supported Operation Desert Storm. Why, then, would Kerry authorize the current administration to use force but then vote to pull the rug out from under our troops by voting against the $87 billion defense appropriations bill? Clearly, the answer is the politics of the Democratic primary season. Americans understand that politicians' positions on issues sometimes change or evolve over time. No issue, however, is more important than war and peace. The electorate will not, and certainly cannot, tolerate a finger-in-the-wind approach when men and women in uniform are placed in harm's way. For better or worse, it is his flip-flop on Iraq that undermined Kerry's ability to serve as commander-in-chief.

TERESA GROGAN
Delafield, Wisconsin

LAMENTING THE "FLIP-FLOP" SMEAR against Kerry and other Dems, Jonathan Chait explains that, when Bill Clinton defused divisive policy issues, Republicans "suddenly had little choice but to run on character." But the character issue is not a recent invention. For decades, GOP positions on isolationism, anti-communism, and even fiscal responsibility have relied on certain mores that Republicans refer to broadly as "character." The perennial Republican appeal translates to "vote for *us*." Democrats, by choice, offer programs and principles: "Vote for *this*." The "us" party prizes and exhibits loyalty to "us," whether "us" is the party, its leading candidate, or "our" nation. Democrats, the "this" party, don't exhibit comparable solidarity, and their faith in government doesn't imply loyalty to their own officeholders. The flip-


THE HENRY JAMES RACKET
THE BEST REASON TO ELECT KERRY
THE NEW REPUBLIC
FICTIONAL CHARACTER
How the GOP Invented the Flip-Flop Smear
JONATHAN CHAIT

flop label wasn't literally about Kerry. It was Republican code for the idea that the Democrats can't lead because they don't trust leaders and they even weaken those of their own party. Voters may be fooled by our Flawless Leader, but the idea that leadership takes more than policies is not foolish.

BRUCE HEIDEN
Columbus, Ohio

POWER FAILURE

GREGG EASTERBROOK ERRS WHEN he claims that, if the United States reduces its dependence on imported oil through improvements in gas mileage, it will no longer need to worry about the security of the Gulf states ("Turn On," October 18). Oil is a fungible commodity. The Persian Gulf contains two-thirds of the world's oil reserves. If Gulf oil were cut off or destroyed, there would be a mad scramble for remaining supplies. Prices would skyrocket, the economies of the industrialized world would be plunged into recession or depression, and mass panic would ensue. Improving gas mileage is a laudable goal. But, so long as the United States and its allies are dependent on *any* imported oil—a predicament Easterbrook acknowledges will not change for the foreseeable future—the responsibility for keeping Gulf oil flowing will remain in Washington's hands.

STEVEN R. DAVID
Professor of Political Science
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

CONTRARY TO WHAT EASTERBROOK writes, saving 20 gallons of gasoline does not save one barrel of oil. Easterbrook ignores the fact that only about half of each barrel of crude oil gets turned into gasoline. The other half is not thrown away; it is made into diesel, jet fuel, and a multitude of other petroleum products that we are not ready to do without. Hence, conserving 20 gallons of gasoline will not save one barrel of oil. Raising the average gas mileage for cars would immensely help to reduce our need to import oil, but not nearly to the degree that Easterbrook claims.

ASHTON BETANCOURT
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FOOL ON THE HILL

WHILE IT DIDN'T CAUSE ME TO switch my vote, I have to say that I share Ralph Nader's concern with the commercialization of childhood; it is an issue deserving of national debate (Ryan Lizza, "Sole Influence," October 25). Too many of my peers are indifferent, but they are deluding themselves if they think that today's kids will "grow out of it." There is a qualitative difference in the way kids are being raised today that transcends any of the so-called

Please address letters to Correspondence, **The New Republic**, 1331 H Street, NW, Suite 700, Washington, D.C. 20005; letters may also be sent electronically to letters@tnr.com. All letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be fewer than 200 words. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please do not send letters via fax.

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 231, Number 24, Issue 4,691, December 13, 2004. (Printed in the United States on December 2, 2004.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated April 12 & 19, June 7 & 14, July 5 & 12, August 16 & 23, September 13 & 20, November 29 & December 6, and December 27, 2004 through January 10, 2005) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Ginnie Lee at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2003 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. *Postmaster:* Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generation-gap issues of the past.

Kids today are being raised in an environment of unambiguously amoral messages in both music and TV programming. The commercial messages that inundate them have turned them into naïve, easily manipulated consumers. This would not, by itself, be cause for alarm, but the absence of strong countervailing messages makes this generation different. Parenting has become a lost art; regular family dinners a thing of the past. Kids are aware of their sexuality at younger and younger ages and care less and less about their inner self. Sexually curious teens in the past were lucky to sneak a peek at dad's *Playboy*; now they can go on the Internet and find anything they want. Is it just a coincidence that amateur teen porn is so sought-after today? Has Lizza been to a school lately, or to a mall? When I partied as a kid, I at least knew that I was doing something wrong. Kids today have little shame, no sense of guilt, and little fear of being punished for their indiscretions.

What most disturbs me about the commercialization and sexualization of today's youth is that those making the important corporate decisions are moms and dads themselves. Has our competitiveness and greed blinded us to what we are doing to our kids and to our nation's future? Bravo to Nader for making this the centerpiece of his platform. I have no doubt that, if we elect our leaders with an "approval voting" scheme, Nader would find significant support. Rather than pooh-pooh the cause, I would have preferred that Lizza look into it more closely. He may not have liked what he found.

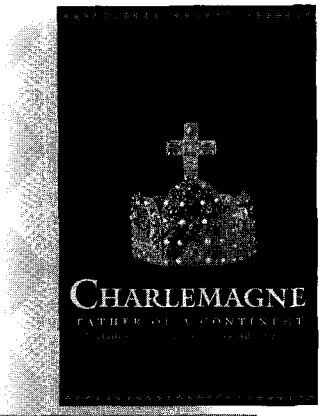
NEIL BROWN
Princeton Junction, New Jersey

NO SHAME

I CONTINUE TO BE AMAZED AT HOW the word "liberal" has evolved into a political pejorative (Peter Beinart, "Ad Lib," November 1). Those who fall for the ploy should take some time to do their homework. Merriam-Webster's Dictionary defines "liberalism" as "a political philosophy based on belief in progress, the essential goodness of the human race, and the autonomy of the individual and standing for the protection of political and civil liberties." What's so bad about that?

MARY T. SHAW
Norristown, Pennsylvania

LIVING HISTORY

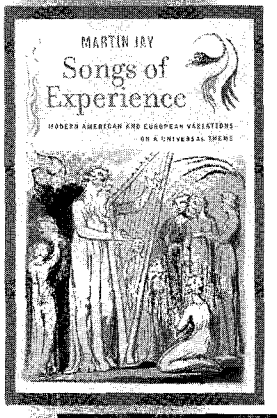


Charlemagne
Father of a Continent
by Alessandro Barbero

"Barbero is a historical novelist, and knows how to hold the attention with arresting details."—**The Spectator**

"An intimate portrait of the man—right down to his shirt and underpants—and a sensitive analysis of his government and times."
—***Publishers Weekly***

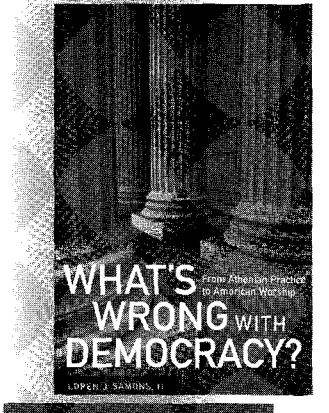
$29.95 hardcover



Songs of Experience
Modern American and European Variations on a Universal Theme
by Martin Jay

"Jay is one of the most influential intellectual historians in contemporary America, and here he shows once again a willingness to tackle the 'big issues' in the Western cultural tradition.... A remarkable history of ideas about the nature of human experience." —**Lloyd Kramer,** author of *Threshold of a New World*

$34.95 hardcover



What's Wrong with Democracy?
From Athenian Practice to American Worship
by Loren J. Samons, II

"A bold and unbridled look at the nature and history of democracies, ancient and modern.... An engaging, provocative, and timely study of ancient Athens and modern America that should serve as a cautionary reminder to both romantic scholars and zealous diplomats."
—**Victor Davis Hanson,** author of *The Other Greeks*

$27.50 hardcover

The Silk Road
Two Thousand Years in the Heart of Asia
by Frances Wood
New in Paperback

"A splendidly illustrated history of the route along which East met West.... This is one gift book that may actually get read."
—**Charles Matthews,** *San Jose Mercury News*

$19.95 paperback

AT BOOKSTORES OR ORDER
(800) 822-6657
WWW.UCPRESS.EDU

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Federal Express

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Q: And so the president's position ... is that, if a state wants to decide through a majority vote that it will allow for same-sex marriages, the president wants to have the federal government smash that down and make sure that no state can decide that, right?

White House spokesman Scott McClellan: No, I think that you're talking about what activist judges are doing. ... [They] are seeking to redefine marriage for the rest of society, and the people's voice is not being heard in this process. That's why the president is committed to moving forward with Congress on a constitutional amendment. ... There are eleven states that recently voted on this very issue, and they voted to ban same-sex marriages overwhelmingly. ... There is overwhelming support across the United States for protecting the sanctity of marriage.

Q: Just to get this straight. The president does not want to allow the people of a state to decide to allow for gay marriage? In other words, he wants [an] ... amendment that would stop a majority in the state—

McClellan: He supports the constitutional amendment.

THUS THE WHITE HOUSE explained its position on federalism at a press conference last week. If a state wanted to enact marriage rights for gay couples—by initiative, court decision, or legislative vote—the president's Federal Marriage Amendment would forbid it. That's true even if such marriages could not be recognized anywhere else in the country, as stipulated by the Defense of Marriage Act of 1996. So much for states' rights.

The same is true, of course, with another nettlesome social issue: medical marijuana. The Supreme Court heard arguments last week about the right of some people with severe medical conditions to grow and use pot—if cannabis is the only recourse they have to alleviate their suffering. It seemed clear enough from the often dismissive line of questioning that, under current law, the feds rule. Even if a person grows only enough pot to treat her own illness, even if nothing is bought or sold, even if she lives in a state where medical marijuana is legal, she can expect to feel the dank breath of the Drug Enforcement Agency on her neck every time she rolls a joint.

Remember when Republicans were all in favor of states' rights? Remember when they believed that government worked best when it was closest to the people? Ah, but that was when the states wanted to pursue policies that the Republican Party agreed with. When it comes to the rights of gay couples or the clinically nauseated, no such federalism exists. The Republicans, of course, aren't the only ones to display a little opportunism in this department. It's hilarious to hear Democrats suddenly championing states' rights in the case of marriage equality, for example. Hilarious, and a little sad.

But the federalist point remains. In fact, it's as pertinent as it has ever been. We are all aware that the United States is now a divided country, that cultural polarization is at an all-time high, that red and blue states are growing further and further apart, blah blah blah. And all this is trotted out with a tone of desperate resignation, as if there is nothing we can do about it.

But the joy of the American constitutional system is that we don't actually need to. The whole point of federalism is that different states can have different policies on matters of burning controversy—and that this is OK. Actually, better than OK. The U.S. Constitution was devised not as a means to avoid social and cultural polarization, but as a way to manage it without splitting the country apart. And it says a huge amount about our contemporary amnesia with regard to the benefits of federalism that this should now be seen as some sort of revelation.

In this sense, cultural polarization is emphatically not a problem. It's a sign of political health, a bellwether of a society that has not given up on debating first-principle issues of human morality. If you want to live in a society where nobody cares much anymore about when human life begins, whether homosexuality is moral, or whether getting high is somehow a sin, then move to France.

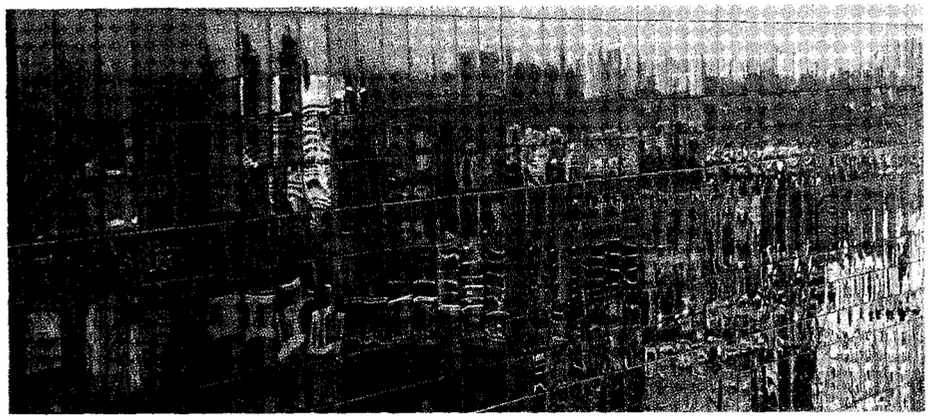
For the record, I'd rather live here. There are, after all, many matters of deep moral and political import that are simply immune to simple political compromises. The death penalty, stem-cell research, abortion, gay rights: All these involve moral judgments that can—and should—elude political half-measures. And you can see why: If you believe that a fetus is a human being, how can you compromise on abortion? If you believe that homosexuality is morally equal to heterosexuality, how can you deny gay couples the same relationship rights? If you believe that all killing is wrong, how can you support capital punishment?

These are, indeed, nonnegotiable issues. Which is where federalism provides a imperfect but pragmatic solution. Choose both sides! Let Ohio prevent gay couples from having legal protections. But let California enact a sweeping civil-unions bill that brings gay couples very close to marriage rights. Let Washington ban federally funded embryonic stem-cell research. But allow Sacramento to set up a huge research program. Not only do you give both sides something—finding a compromise where no compromise seemed possible—but you also get a chance to see how social experiments succeed or fail in practice. Within a few years, we will have a much better idea of the real promise of embryonic stem cells and the social impact of gay marriage. Then the discussion can actually move forward, instead of in increasingly tight and bitter circles.

There's a lesson for liberals in this as well. Cool it on the courts. One of the biggest setbacks for abortion rights was the *Roe* v. *Wade* overreach. Abortion rights were gaining in state legislatures before these advances were jeopardized by the Supreme Court's backlash-kindling intervention. If gay activists push too far too fast now to mandate marriage rights across the entire country, they may well get a federal constitutional ban that will destroy gay rights for generations. Federalism can work for both sides. The alternative is bipartisan hypocrisy that renders political debate as acrimonious as it is futile. In the United States, we can do better. And for two centuries, we often have. **ANDREW SULLIVAN**

Peter Beinart will return next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The evolving responsibility of business to reflect society

by the parent company of Kraft Foods, Philip Morris International and Philip Morris USA

What makes a responsible company? Over years and even decades, the answers from society to this question have evolved considerably.

At Altria Group, the ways in which we are striving to meet societal expectations also continue to evolve. An important element is our commitment to listen to all sectors of society, including our companies' critics. Not just to detect shifts in society's expectations, but to respond honestly and positively when we hear them.

We know that the right structures and processes must be in place throughout our companies so that the letter and spirit of laws are followed. But even more than this, the right values and skills must be instilled in our people. Each of our companies is working so that these things are in place.

As a company that is the parent of both food and tobacco companies we know we have a role to play. Our commitment to employees, shareholders, our companies' consumers, regulators and society as a whole is to continually make progress as we move forward.

Our name is Altria Group.

Altria

Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

altria.com

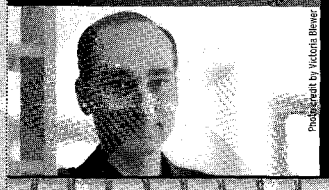
© Altria Group, Inc. 2004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gifts that Last a Lifetime

Great Writers
ARE THE SUM OF THEIR WORDS

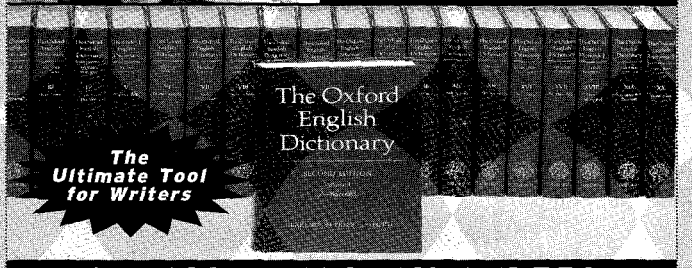
CHRIS BOHJALIAN
Author of the bestselling novel *Midwives*.
His latest book is *Before You Know Kindness*



Favorite OED WORD

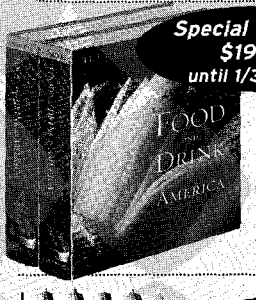
phantasmagoric *adj*
(derived from *phantasmagoria*)

a name invented for an exhibition of optical illusions produced chiefly by means of the magic lantern, first exhibited in London in 1802.



SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER!
Own the 20-volume OED for only $995! (list price $3,000)
ISBN 0-19-861186-2 • This offer expires 1/31/05

"No one who reads or writes seriously can be without the OED."
–Washington Post

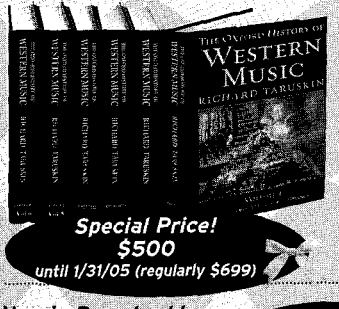


New!

THE OXFORD ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FOOD AND DRINK IN AMERICA
2-Volume Set
Edited by Andrew F. Smith

From Coney Island to the California coast: A panoramic view of the history and culture of food and drink in America.

0-19-515437-1 **$195** (through 1/31/05, $250 after)



"There is no parallel in musical scholarship for Taruskin's compendiousness, and almost none for the verve of his writing."
–The New York Times Book Review

New!

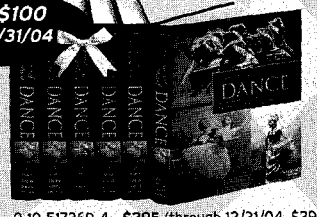
THE OXFORD HISTORY OF WESTERN MUSIC
6-Volume Set
Richard Taruskin

0-19-516979-4 **$500** (through 1/31/05, $699 after)

Now in Paperback!

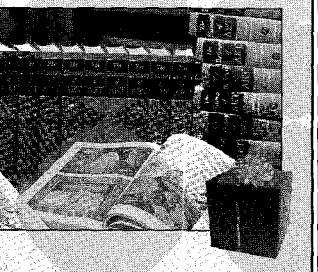
INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DANCE
6-Volume Set

"The most ambitious and comprehensive dance encyclopedia ever attempted...a brilliant success."
–Los Angeles Times



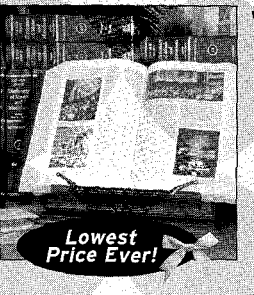
0-19-517369-4 **$295** (through 12/31/04, $395 after)

"The most ambitious art-publishing venture of the late 20th century... An invaluable acquisition for any serious art lover, indispensable for libraries or schools." *–The New York Times*



THE DICTIONARY OF ART
34-volume set

0-19-517068-7
List Price $8,800 **SALE PRICE $1,200**



***"The Grove* is...a magnificent achievement, and, more than that, it is a work of love."**
–New Yorker

THE NEW GROVE DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS
Second Edition
29-volume set with Index

0-19-517067-9
List Price $4,850 **SALE PRICE $1,500**

"Make no mistake: This will be the definitive reference work in opera for many, many years to come."
–Chicago Tribune

NEW GROVE DICTIONARY OF OPERA
4-Volume Set

0-19-522186-9
List Price $395 **SALE PRICE $295**

Great References for Families

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WORLD
11-Volume Set

0-19-521698-9
List Price $350 **SALE PRICE $179**

OXFORD AMERICAN CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, 2ND EDITION
9-Volume Set

0-19-515568-8
List Price $325 **SALE PRICE $199**

PRICES ARE GOOD THROUGH 1/31/05 UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

promo code 24307

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AVAILABLE FROM ALL PARTICIPATING RETAILERS, OR DIRECTLY FROM OXFORD AT 1-800-451-7556 ***www.oup.com/us/newrepublic***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scream 2

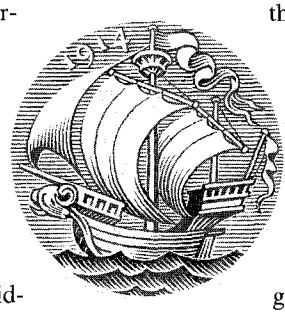
YOU MIGHT HAVE thought his dismal third-place showing in the Iowa caucuses last January was a strong enough hint. But apparently not. News reports suggest that Howard Dean has designs on the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee (DNC). This is one of those key moments when Democrats must decide what course to take in the wake of the 2004 election. And making Dean their spokesman is exactly the wrong way to go.

Given the importance of the DNC chairmanship—with Democrats shut out of power at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, it may be the most influential position in the party—it is worth reviewing Dean's credentials. As a candidate, he developed a penchant for statements that require explaining away ("If Bill Clinton could be the first black president, I can be the first gay president!"), which is not exactly an ideal trait for a job requiring robotic repetition of sound bites. This proclivity led his own campaign manager to tell *Newsweek* that he is "not ready for prime time, and he never will be."

Dean's admirers claimed during the primaries that the Bush campaign actually feared Dean as an opponent, but postelection accounts now make it clear they gleefully anticipated his nomination. It is true that Dean raised a huge sum of money, an essential skill for any DNC chair. But, astoundingly, he blew almost all of it. And then, of course, he defined himself forever (fairly or not) by screaming at the top of his lungs. If there's an image the Democratic Party is not looking to project to the country, "unhinged screamer" would be at the top of the list. Also, "arrogant Northeasterner" and "antiwar activist." All of these things, alas, are cemented in the public's view of Dean.

The trouble with Dean goes beyond the merely cosmetic. The single greatest challenge facing the Democratic Party is its dire need to reestablish its credibility on national security. The election made clear that the Bush administration's ineptitude in Iraq and at Tora Bora will not do that work for them—indeed, that the public will not listen to the Democrats' indictment of that bungling until they have established their own authority. Reestablishing this credibility does not mean embracing Bush. It means forcefully elucidating alternatives. Dean has shown little interest in doing so, and, during the primary, his instincts led him to cater to the antiwar movement on the party's left.

Another critical qualification for prospective DNC chairmen ought to be a record of appealing to culturally conservative voters. Dean has shown no aptitude for that, either. In fact, his approach toward cultural issues—ignoring them and trying to change the subject to economics—is widely derided as ineffective, and rightly so.



During the campaign, Dean embraced a particular, and utterly wrong, theory of how Democrats ought to win elections. Rather than focus on persuading centrists, he argued, Democrats should rile up their own base, which required the nomination of Dean rather than a more cautious New Democrat. "I concluded that the only way we can win is to really get our base excited: African Americans, Latinos, trade unionists, women, and new young people," Dean told *U.S. News & World Report* in January.

This, too, proved false. First, it turned out that base voters were inspired enough by opposition to Bush that they volunteered, donated, and turned out in unprecedented numbers, even for an uncharismatic nominee like John Kerry. Second, a highly motivated base proved unequal to the task. The liberal base is simply not large enough to win national elections.

The case for Dean centers around two innovations, one prospective and the other real. The prospective one is a notion of rebuilding the Democratic party from the bottom up by recruiting activists to run for local offices like school boards. It's an inspiring and possibly powerful idea. But Dean's campaign hardly demonstrated the organizational aptitude to give anyone much confidence that Dean is the person to pull this off.

The real innovation was Dean's use of the Internet to build a core of grassroots activists and donors. Dean and his followers are correct to regard this as an historic achievement and to believe that building upon it is essential. Where they go wrong is in believing that the movement was particular to Dean. Fundamentally, the liberal grassroots was awakened not by the former Vermont governor but by the radicalism, partisanship, and mendacity of the Bush administration. This movement coalesced around Dean at first because he positioned himself as the candidate who would stand up to Bush. But it outlived his campaign precisely because he was merely its vehicle rather than its inspiration. However badly Democrats need to cultivate this movement, they don't need Dean to lead it. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

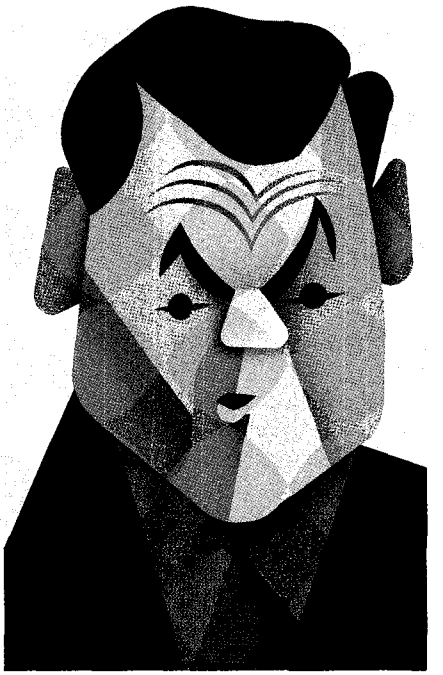
NOTEBOOK

Tom Ridge Moves On . . . Alabama Doesn't

JOB SECURITY

GOOD RIDDANCE TO TOM RIDGE. It's true that the departing homeland security secretary had a thankless job and that, by the most important standard—preventing another terrorist attack on U.S. soil—he succeeded. But Ridge failed both as a spokesman and as a manager. He allowed terrorism warnings, color-coded alerts, and talk of duct tape and plastic sheeting to become a national joke. And he failed to bring order to the chaotic formation of the Homeland Security Department, which threatens to become a busted experiment—at least in the short term—by producing more bureaucratic confusion than it solved. George W. Bush deserves substantial blame for this: After reluctantly supporting its creation, Bush has never given the Department the money or support it needs. Still, Ridge never quite seemed cut out for the job.

Given his mixed performance, we hope Ridge will show some shame in choosing what to do next. Ridge has been telling people that he is leaving in part to earn more money to pay for his daughters' college tuition. We hope that's not a sign that Ridge intends to decamp to K Street and cash in. The revolving door between the Pentagon and the defense industry has resulted in tremendous waste and numerous scandals, prompting much public cynicism about military spending. And there is already evidence of a similar pattern forming with regards to domestic security: Shortly after Ridge took over the Homeland Security Department, four top deputies from his stint as White House homeland security adviser became lobbyists for firms trying to land lucrative domestic security contracts from the Department. Indeed, Ridge "associates" are already telling the press that he is likely to wind up at the Philadelphia-based law firm Blank Rome, whose Washington arm employs at least three of his former aides. The unseemly culture of lobbying that instantly sprung up around the Homeland Security Department is another blemish on Ridge's record. The least he can do is not become a part of it.



Tom Ridge

DAVID COWLES

NO TAX ON IGNORANCE

WHETHER OR NOT "MORAL VALUES" were the deciding factor in November's election, it is clear that many Americans feel the Democratic Party is governed by out-of-touch liberal elites who look down on red-state America as a backward fiefdom ruled by cultural reactionaries. Fair enough. But what happens when an entire state decides that it is, in fact, a backward fiefdom ruled by cultural reactionaries?

That, at least, was the impression given by the recent defeat in Alabama of Amendment 2, which would have removed language condoning segregated education from the state's constitution, including language rejecting the right to a public education. The amendment was supported by the governor, the Business Council of Alabama, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who said it was both the moral and pragmatic thing to do in a state whose image has not improved much since the days of George Wallace. But opponents, led by the Christian Coalition of Alabama (CCA), argued that the amendment represented a stealth opportunity for, in the words of CCA head John Giles, "reckless trial lawyers and activist judges . . . to open the floodgates to increase taxes" by citing the state's newfound commitment to a right to education (which, given Alabama's decrepit school system, might not be such a bad thing).

State legal scholars largely dismissed the taxes issue as a red herring—after all, the amendment wouldn't guarantee a right to education, only remove the state's rejection of one. But the mere possibility of a tax increase was enough for the CCA, which has been spending a lot of time on taxes recently. (Some readers may recall that the CCA also led last year's successful campaign to oppose Republican Governor Bob Riley's tax increase, which Riley had argued was morally imperative given the sorry state of Alabama's public services.)

The CCA is free to do what it wants with its money, though it's fair to wonder why a purportedly "Christian" organization seems to spend more energy fighting taxes than it does fighting for social justice and other, well, Christian values. And it's fair to wonder why Alabama voters, nearly half of whom describe themselves as evangelical Christians, care more about avoiding taxes than taking a stand on racism. But then, we're just liberal elitists. What do we know?

ALL WE SAID WAS THAT THE RED CROSS WAS THERE

"IT HAS NOW BEEN SEVERAL WEEKS, I guess, since the first detainees arrived [in Guantanamo Bay] . . . The ICRC [International Committee of the Red

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross] has been down there. And everyone who's been there and everyone who's seen with their own eyes knows what we know, which is, these detainees are being treated very, very well." —Victoria Clarke, assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, February 11, 2002

"People also know, but should be reminded, we have the International Red Cross." —Clarke, November 8, 2002

"We met with all the groups [such as Red Cross and Amnesty International] today, as I mentioned, and we had some very good discussions, and they were very, very helpful." —Gordon England, secretary of the Navy, June 23, 2004

"I can't imagine that someone would not have reported [the abuses alleged by recently released prisoners] to the ICRC. Also, of course we have people here that they could have reported this to. So none of this has ever been reported. So no, I don't believe it is true, and I would just remind people that this is a war, and it is a war of words and propaganda." —England, August 5, 2004

"I know nothing about [the allegations of torture by one detainee]. It'll be investigated. . . . Again, ICRC is there. We've had people there. We've had independent assessments." —England, October 1, 2004

"The construction of such a system, whose stated purpose is the production of intelligence, cannot be considered other than an intentional system of cruel, unusual and degrading treatment and a form of torture." —ICRC report on conditions at Guantanamo, as quoted in *The New York Times*, November 30, 2004

"It's their point of view." —Lawrence Di Rita, Pentagon spokesman, reacting to the ICRC report, November 30, 2004 ■

TNR.commentary

IRAQ'D

SPENCER ACKERMAN

NO ALTERNATIVE: Iraq's deputy prime minister, Barham Saleh of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, is one of the most sincere and tough-minded advocates of a democratic and federal Iraq. On November 28, Saleh made an illuminating argument for why the interim government needed to reject the call by 17 Sunni and Kurdish political parties for a six-month delay of the elections:

> Delaying elections will be much more difficult, because it will have serious ramifications to the political process, to the issue of legitimacy, and surely all of us do not want to give the terrorists the slightest of technical wins in that situation.

But the insurgency has already won a gigantic victory with the call for an electoral postponement—a plea that never had a chance of acceptance given the overwhelming opposition of the Shia. (Said a representative for the religious leadership in Najaf: "We cannot retreat from [the January elections] for any reason.") If the insurgency is to achieve its broadest common-denominator goals (ending the occupation through force) and pursue its more ambitious ones (reestablishing Sunni supremacy through force), it needs to cleave the Sunni population from the U.S.-backed political process. The cry over the weekend for a postponement was effectively the death rattle of moderate Sunni politicians in the new Iraq. For Saleh to argue that delaying the elections would raise "the issue of legitimacy" is effectively to announce that whether the Sunnis consider the elections illegitimate is irrelevant. If the insurgents drank, they would be popping champagne corks.

But it's not as if Saleh has much choice in the matter. A delayed election runs the tremendously heightened risk of a total Shia divorce from the political process—and, considering that the Shia are the numerical majority of the population and (with the Kurds a strong second) the most politically potent force in the country, that would have meant the final collapse of the wheezing U.S.-backed political order. Back in February, I argued that the United States badly needed to ensure a buy-in from all three of Iraq's main component groups. If that was ever possible—and I believe it was—it no longer is. The January election itself is now on track to deliver what used to be considered the worst-case scenario: civil war—which the election was designed in part to prevent.

For a taste of what looks to be on the horizon, consider this story from last Thursday's *Financial Times*:

> "Those of the black turbans"—Iraq's Shia clergy—"are but traitors and agents of America. It is they who have provoked the Americans to attack the Sunni, whom they call extremists and terrorists," Sheikh Ahmed al-Kubaisi told his congregation last Friday.
>
> Mr. Kubaisi's sermon is typical of many Sunni mosques across the country, where preachers are delivering fiery attacks on the Shia clergy who, they say, have "sold out" Islam.

Yochi J. Dreazen and Jabber Yasseen of *The Wall Street Journal* report that the feeling is mutual:

> Anti-Sunni sentiment is evident among some Shiite politicians. During a meeting last week with visiting American diplomats, Karbala Provincial Governor Sa'ad Safouk al-Masoudi said he viewed the recent U.S. assault against the Sunni city of Fallujah as "a punishment from God" on the city's residents for sending soldiers to Karbala in 1991 to help crush the Shiite uprising there. He said television images of dogs eating corpses in Fallujah reminded him of similar images from Karbala 13 years earlier.
>
> Mr. Masoudi added that he wasn't concerned about the level of Sunni participation in the election. "The election doesn't depend on the Sunni," he said.

This is perhaps the most accurate assessment yet delivered about Iraq's current political situation.

&c.

NOAM SCHEIBER

THE GOP MAJORITY BEGINS AT COMMERCE: Man. Suddenly it feels like Democrats are going to be lucky just to win a simple majority of Hispanic voters these next few election cycles.

Really, the appointment of Carlos Gutierrez as commerce secretary makes a ton of sense. Why appoint another rich white guy to a meaningless Cabinet post (longtime Bush moneyman Mercer Reynolds had been the leading candidate for the job) when you could use that meaningless Cabinet post to cement your party's majority for a generation or so? With Alberto Gonzales as attorney general, now all the White House needs is a Hispanic Supreme Court justice and they'll be good to go. Good call, Karl. Seriously.

TO READ THESE NEW REPUBLIC WEB LOGS DAILY, GO TO TNR.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush won't reform intelligence.

Small Change

BY SPENCER ACKERMAN

AS THE INTELLIGENCE reform bill fatally convulsed on the congressional operating table, Pentagon reporters pelted Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld with pointed questions last Tuesday. Rumsfeld and his allies were widely thought to have killed a measure supported by President Bush to consolidate the intelligence community under a powerful national intelligence director (NID) in a fit of bureaucratic pique. Yet a defiant Rumsfeld insisted again and again, "I support the president's position."

That wasn't a contention many in Washington were prepared to accept. Fueled by doubts that Rumsfeld and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Richard Myers had publicly expressed, House Republicans had insisted on diluting the NID's budgetary and management authority—preserving the Pentagon's domination of U.S. intelligence and undermining the central purpose of the reform. Given that Bush had endorsed restructuring the intelligence community shortly after the 9/11 Commission lent its considerable political capital to the idea, even some of his critics came to the conclusion that Bush simply needed to ride herd over the House GOP.

This portrait of conservative revolt may be appealing to dispirited liberals. But, when it comes to intelligence reform, it is ludicrous. At several points in Bush's first term, openings arose to reshape the intelligence community—opportunities the president squandered even while publicly voicing support for the reforms. Instead, Bush's approach to intelligence reform has been guided chiefly by a desire to keep the tools of spycraft firmly in the hands of Pentagon loyalists—and to avoid any political fallout for doing so. To expect a newly reelected Bush to do otherwise, even as last-ditch efforts to pass the bill resume next week, is nonsensical.

ONE OF BUSH'S very first acts in office was to task Brent Scowcroft, his father's national security adviser and chairman of his own President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, to survey the state of the intelligence community and recommend necessary shake-ups. What Scowcroft found was a spy apparatus in disarray: The head of the community, the director of central intelligence (DCI), had little real control over the 15 agencies nominally under his command. The DCI effectively leads only the CIA, which currently accounts for an estimated 12 percent of a $40 billion intelligence budget, with the Pentagon getting the rest. In March 2002—half a year after the September 11 attacks made clear that something was seriously wrong with U.S. intelligence—Scowcroft told the National Security Council that the head of the community needed real authority over the agencies he oversees and recommended removing three agencies from the Pentagon's purview, including the powerful National Security Agency.

The thrust of Scowcroft's proposal—intelligence consolidation under a clear spy chief—has been expounded numerous times by intelligence experts but has always met fierce bureaucratic resistance. In early 2002, however, Bush was at the height of his political power and could very likely have passed any reform he pleased. Instead, Scowcroft found himself wrestling an unmovable obstacle: Rumsfeld. "Rumsfeld says, 'No fucking way,'" recalls a former intelligence official. "He tells Scowcroft to put it into the wastepaper basket." And that's where it remained. Not only did Bush never push the recommendations of the commission he created, but the full text of Scowcroft's findings has never been released.

What's more, Bush allowed Rumsfeld to actively undermine Scowcroft's recommendations. In June 2002, the defense secretary informed the Senate Armed Services Committee of his desire to create an undersecretary of defense for intelligence to coordinate the intelligence agencies in the Pentagon's ambit, a measure that passed with little difficulty. In effect, Rumsfeld agreed that the intelligence community required consolidation—so long as the consolidation took place under his command.

That suited Bush's purposes as well. Not only is Rumsfeld's loyalty to the president beyond doubt, but Bush's generally bellicose foreign policy lends itself to a natural reliance on the Pentagon to execute his agenda—particularly when it comes to the intelligence community. That reliance allowed the Pentagon to create alternative, breathless, and ultimately unfounded analyses of Iraq's connections to Al Qaeda. Just last month, Bush issued a memorandum ordering, "Lead responsibility for directing and executing paramilitary operations, whether clandestine or covert, should shift to the Defense Department."

But Rumsfeld could not kill the idea of creating a single intelligence chief outright. In the late fall of 2001, Senators John McCain and Joe Lieberman were pressing for an independent investigation of the September 11 attacks. Working to forestall that effort, Bush cut a deal with then–Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle in early 2002 to allow two congressional committees to conduct a joint investigation—but only if they focused on what went wrong with intelligence and neglected the more politically damaging questions of what mistakes policymakers made. Yet the bipartisan inquiry eventually came to a conclusion similar to Scowcroft's: Its number-one recommendation was to create a "Director of National Intelligence who shall ... have the full range of management, budgetary and personnel responsibilities needed to make the entire U.S. intelligence community operate as a coherent whole."

Yet, even though Bush had blessed the joint inquiry at the outset, he did nothing to urge Congress to pass the bipartisan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reform. As Senator Bob Graham, one of the co-chairs of the inquiry, told *The New York Times* in December 2002, "I do not believe that the members of Congress are going to want to take the position, 'Let us just stand by.'" But, without Bush's support, that's exactly what happened. And, when frustrated Democrats on the House Intelligence Committee began to put together a bill in January 2004 to establish a national intelligence director, Bush's ally (and eventual DCI) Porter Goss scuttled it, arguing, as *Congressional Quarterly* reported, that Congress should "wait until the [independent] commission investigating the September 11 attacks completes its report and offers its recommendations."

But the pattern again repeated itself when the 9/11 Commission, like the joint inquiry before it, recommended the creation of a NID: Bush pledged his support for the move in August but did nothing to stop House Speaker Dennis Hastert and Majority Leader Tom DeLay from proposing a bill that would establish a NID with much weaker powers than the Commission wanted. Indeed, the White House has not seemed to mind the obstruction. As House Judiciary Committee Chairman Jim Sensenbrenner—a leading opponent of reform—told *Newsweek* this week, when Bush called him in November to discuss the bill, the president was "extremely low-key."

PUBLICLY, BUSH IS pledging not to let the bill die. "I look forward to going back to Washington to work with the interested parties to get it passed," he told reporters in Chile on November 21. His comments weren't surprising—after all, such sentiments have always given Bush the political cover to frustrate reform. But his strategy of rewarding Pentagon loyalists with increased control over intelligence may now run head-on into his new attempt to install loyalists at the CIA. Goss is in the process of carrying out, as he put it in a November 15 memo, "a series of changes" in organization and personnel to "support the Administration and its policies." That may be harder than it seems. Over the past few years, the Pentagon has encroached on core CIA functions. In a recent example, the U.S. Special Operations Command gained control over liaising with "irregular forces" (read: warlords) for counterterrorist operations—"an area of clandestine activity that has traditionally been the domain of the CIA," as the *Los Angeles Times* put it. With Bush loyalists now helming Langley as well as the Pentagon, interagency fights over covert operations may escalate instead of diminish.

Creating a NID with control over the entire U.S. intelligence apparatus could go a long way toward resolving such bureaucratic conflicts. It's possible that a bill could pass next week. But, given the obstinacy of House Republicans, passage is likely to come at the expense of meaningful intelligence reform. "The moment may already have passed," observes Steven Aftergood, an intelligence expert at the Federation of American Scientists. Given his behavior on intelligence reform over the past four years, that's probably just fine with Bush. ■

Bush wins, Chirac wins. Collateral

BY STÉPHANIE GIRY

GEORGE W. BUSH'S reelection was a major disappointment in France, where polls show that three-quarters of the population had been hoping for a John Kerry victory. Except for the far-rightist Jean-Marie Le Pen and a few hawks, the entire French political class had also been cheering for Kerry. After Bush's win, President Jacques Chirac waited days to formally congratulate him on his reelection. And French resignation recently sharpened with the loss of another moderate to another hawk: Secretary of State Colin Powell's replacement with Condoleezza Rice, whose policy toward opponents of the war in Iraq has often been summarized as "punish France, ignore Germany, and forgive Russia."

Yet Bush's reelection isn't all bad for the French political class—and especially not for Chirac. U.S. struggles in Iraq have, for many Europeans, validated Chirac's opposition to the war. And a second term of Bush's unilateralism may now help justify Chirac's continued reluctance to get involved in Iraq, bolster his campaign for a stronger European Union and an international system that can check U.S. power, and maybe even boost Chirac's chances for reelection in 2007.

DESPITE THE TWO men's conflicting sensibilities and worldviews, for Chirac, Bush's reelection is "a fairly comfortable result," says Guillaume Parmentier, an expert on U.S.-French relations at the Institut Français des Relations Internationales in Paris. Bush's victory essentially extends Chirac's excuse for continuing to keep France out of Iraq. It would have been awkward for Paris to deny a conciliatory, multilateralist Kerry assistance with Iraq's reconstruction. But, with Bush still at the helm, Chirac can remain intractable. In fact, even as the rest of Europe has begun to roll up its sleeves, with Germany considering increased assistance for reconstruction, Chirac is sticking to his guns. Last month, while some 10,000 American troops were preparing their assault on Falluja, Chirac snubbed an EU-sponsored lunch in Brussels with Iraqi Prime Minister Iyad Allawi. The foreign ministry recently reiterated that France would consider participating in a NATO mission to train the Iraqi military only on a direct invitation from the Iraqi government and only if the training takes place outside of Iraq.

Even better for Chirac, a second Bush term will help promote the Gaullist's pet foreign policy project: "multi-

Stéphanie Giry is an associate editor at FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polarity." A few weeks ago, at the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, Chirac exposed his vision of "a multipolar world in which there will be an American pole, a Chinese pole, a South American pole, an African [pole], I hope, and a European pole." Although Chirac claims that this worldview is simply a description of the world's "inevitable" progress rather than a French doctrine, he has been busy trying to hasten this progress along. In late August, when he gave France's ambassadors their marching orders for the year, he instructed them to maintain a "balanced" relationship with Washington—which he still sees as the "backbone" of world security—while forging stronger ties with Russia, China, and regional organizations. To set the example, Chirac has pushed Franco-Chinese business, urging the European Union to lift the 15-year-old arms embargo imposed against Beijing. And now, Chirac's effort to check U.S. dominance of the international system has received a boost from Bush's reelection. The idea of multipolarity becomes "much more convincing," Parmentier says, "when the U.S. is led by an administration that has scant regard for the feelings of other countries."

Chirac also wants the European Union to respond to "the affirmation of a forceful U.S. policy" by "reinforcing its unity." He has been pushing two controversial issues that could fundamentally redefine the European Union: incorporation of Turkey into the European Union and formal ratification of the constitution that was finalized this summer. Chirac is advocating opening accession talks with Turkey. Adopting the constitution, meanwhile, would give the European Union a foreign minister and, for the first time, the chance to devise common foreign policies and defense strategies—a degree of integration that still makes some member-states uncomfortable.

Ironically, the Bush administration has some reason to support both projects. If, for Chirac, they are means to strengthen Europe and France, for Bush, they could be a tactic to keep both in check. European critics of Turkish membership fear that it will make the EU too diverse and too unruly and prevent it from forging a unified foreign policy. Others fear that, even if enlargement doesn't dampen the Union's political clout, the constitution will. Critics among the French left, for example, say that, by confirming NATO as the foundation of Europe's collective defense system, the constitution will put the European Union under the "trusteeship" of NATO, dominated by Washington.

It is too soon to tell whether expansion and a new constitution would strengthen Europe. But even Oxford University Professor of European Studies Timothy Garton Ash, who dismisses Chirac's grand ambitions for the EU and France's role in it as a "neo-Gaullist fantasy," believes that "Bush's reelection is going to give mighty wind into the sails of the Euro-Gaullists." After all, like Chirac, most French don't much care for a world run out of Washington. A poll conducted by the German Marshall Fund in June found that 83 percent of the French people support the idea that "the European Union should become a superpower like the United States." Bush's reelection helps Chirac's case, says Philip Gordon, who studies French-U.S. relations at the Brookings Institution, "because it strengthens the argument that Europe should be unified and autonomous, which is the sort of Europe he's been pushing." Chirac already had a sympathetic audience; with Bush still opposite him, it's hard to see how he could lose their support.

PLAYING FOIL TO Bush might also help Chirac survive France's 2007 presidential election. After an appalling upset during the last national election, when Socialist Prime Minister Lionel Jospin lost to Le Pen in the first round, Socialists have stolen seats from Chirac's center-right party in local, regional, and European elections. But, although the left is shaping up to be a serious contender for the next parliamentary and presidential contests, it is split on the European Union. Like Chirac, François Hollande, leader of the Parti Socialiste, wants to turn Bush's reelection into an argument for adopting the constitution to strengthen the European Union. Laurent Fabius, the party's number two, opposes it, not only because he thinks the text does too little to protect France's social welfare state, but also because he dreads what Bush might not mind so much: the European Union's emasculation by enlargement.

These divisions also run through the French public, which supports a stronger European Union but doesn't know what to think of the constitution or Turkey's accession. The outcome of the referendum on the constitution, tentatively scheduled for next spring, seems less certain in France than in any other EU country but the United Kingdom, where the constitution is likely to fail. And, as concerns over the assimilation of France's six million Muslims rise, the debate about whether to consider Turkey's membership gets tenser. With about 75 percent of the French people and his own party against Turkey's inclusion, Chirac has vowed to put the issue to a referendum, too.

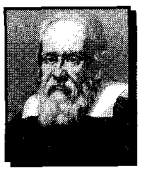
Chirac will need to do a lot more convincing to show the public that his policies will make Europe and France stronger, but he might get help from Bush. Although foreign policy is only one of the issues that will determine the French elections in 2007, as the most popular agenda of an unpopular president, it is particularly important to Chirac's chances. After all, while only 36 percent of the French approve of Chirac generally, according to a recent poll by *The Economist*, 76 percent like his foreign policy. And, as Parmentier puts it, Bush's first term has "vindicated" Chirac's perception that "the U.S. is now so strong that it refuses to listen to anyone." Defiance of U.S. power hardly sets Chirac apart from other French politicians, except the ostensibly Americanophile Nicolas Sarkozy, the former finance minister who is taking over the rightist UMP party. Still, according to Brookings' Gordon, Bush's reelection could marginally strengthen Chirac's position with the French electorate because "he, more than anyone, has shown that he's willing to stand up to Bush." If so, in 2007, Bush may be grinding his teeth over another term's worth of Jacques Chirac. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition

SOCRATES * PLATO * ARISTOTLE * CICERO * PAUL * AUGUSTINE * AQUINAS * LUTHER * CALVIN * MACHIAVELLI * MORE * ERASMUS * GALILEO * BACON * DESCARTES * HOBBES * SPINOZA * PASCAL * NEWTON * LOCKE * MONTESQUIEU * BERKELEY * HUME * SMITH * ROUSSEAU * KANT * BURKE * MILL * KIERKEGAARD * NIETZSCHE * FREUD * HEGEL * MARX * HUSSERL * DEWEY * HEIDEGGER

. . . taught by 12 top college professors in audio or video formats

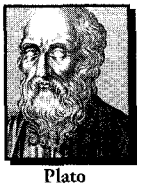

Galileo

Kant

Hegel

Bacon

Newton


Plato

Locke

Descartes

All images: Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress.

Ever since the dawn of civilization, certain crucial questions have preoccupied thoughtful people: What is the purpose of life? What is the best kind of life? Who or what is God? How can we tell truth from falsehood? What is the essence of justice? When is it legitimate for one person to have power over others? Can these questions even be answered?

You too must have asked yourself questions like these. Perhaps you once vowed that some day you would work your way through the works of the greatest thinkers and find your own answers.

But that would take years of intense reading and study, accompanied by complete withdrawal from active life.

An Intellectual Adventure of a Lifetime

Now, at last, here is a feasible way you can comfortably grasp, at home or in your car, the essence and consequence of each author's greatness. Valuable time that might otherwise be consumed by routine can instead become some of the most precious moments in the life of your mind.

Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition is an 84-lecture, 12-professor tour of Western philosophical tradition and covers more than 60 of history's greatest minds. The course is panoramic and extremely well-taught, and swiftly becomes an irresistible immersion in the progress of the mind to understand itself and its place in the rest of being.

About Our Sale Prices

Why is the sale price for this course so much lower than its regular price? Every course goes on sale at least once a year. Producing large quantities of only the sale courses keeps costs down and allows us to pass the savings on to you. Order before December 23, 2004 to receive these savings.

This comprehensive and coordinated effort brings you a definitive survey of Western thought elucidated by an all-star teaching team. Each lecture is given by a university scholar who is not only an expert in the topic, but a gifted and passionate teacher, with classroom talents certified by teaching awards and top rankings from students.

About The Teaching Company

We review hundreds of top-rated professors from America's best colleges and universities each year. From this extraordinary group, we choose only those rated highest by panels of our customers. Fewer than 10% of these world-class scholar-teachers are selected to make The Great Courses. We've been doing this since 1990, producing more than 2,000 hours of material in modern and ancient history, philosophy, literature, fine arts, the sciences, and mathematics for intelligent, engaged, adult lifelong learners. If a course is ever less than completely satisfying, you may exchange it for another or we will refund your money promptly.

The Course Curriculum

PART I: (Lectures 1–12)
Classical Origins

PART II: (Lectures 13–24)
The Christian Age

PART III: (Lectures 25–36)
From the Renaissance to the Age of Reason

PART IV: (Lectures 37–48)
The Enlightenment and Its Critics

PART V: (Lectures 49–60)
The Age of Ideology

PART VI: (Lectures 61–72)
Modernism and the Age of Analysis

PART VII: (Lectures 73–84)
The Crisis of Modernity

THE TEACHING COMPANY®
The Joy of Lifelong Learning Every Day
GREAT PROFESSORS, GREAT COURSES, GREAT VALUE GUARANTEED.

SAVE UP TO $520!
OFFER GOOD UNTIL DECEMBER 23, 2004

1-800-TEACH-12 (1-800-832-2412)
Fax: 703-378-3819

Special offer is available online at
www.TEACH12.com/1nrep

THE Great Courses™
THE TEACHING COMPANY®
4151 Lafayette Center Drive, Suite 100
Chantilly, VA 20151-1232

Priority Code 17845

Please send me **Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition**, which consists of 84 half-hour lectures, with complete lecture outlines.

- ❑ **DVD $179.95** (reg. price $699.95) **SAVE $520!** plus $25 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ❑ **Videotape $139.95** (reg. price $549.95) **SAVE $410!** plus $20 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ❑ **Audio CD $129.95** (reg. price $499.95) **SAVE $370!** plus $20 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ❑ **Audiotape $94.95** (reg. price $349.95) **SAVE $255!** plus $15 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ❑ **Check or Money Order enclosed**

* Non-U.S. Orders: Additional shipping charges apply. Call or visit the FAQ page at our website for details.
**Virginia residents please add 5% sales tax.

Charge my credit card:

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard ❑ Discover ❑ American Express

ACCOUNT NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

MAILING ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order—required for international orders)* _____

❑ **FREE CATALOG.** Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary).

Special offer is available online at www.TEACH12.com/1nrep

Offer Good Through: December 23, 2004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Condi should tame Foggy Bottom.

State's Rights

BY LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

Is President Bush a McCarthyite? To judge by the accounts of Condoleezza Rice's nomination as secretary of state, one might think so. *Newsweek*'s Michael Hirsh relayed the consensus that Powell's "ouster was part of a purge of the dissenters who had so roiled Bush's first term." NBC's Andrea Mitchell declared, "The president wants Rice to clean out State Department moderates handling North Korea talks and the Middle East." Meanwhile, Senator Jay Rockefeller said, "People who work in the State Department really want their secretary to stand up for them, to represent also their points of view. ... Is [Rice] going to do that, or is she going to simply be an appendage to the White House?" And what would be so wrong with that?

Rice, after all, would be well within her rights to "clean out" the State Department. Unlike the CIA, which newly minted Director of Central Intelligence Porter Goss foolishly exhorted to "support the administration and its policies in our work," the U.S. Foreign Service conducts day-to-day relations with other countries and implements the president's policies. There's no reason it shouldn't function more like the military establishment, whose professional ethos depends on the principle of strict subordination to political control—disagreements may exist, but once the president arrives at a decision, the matter has been settled. Needless to say, no such ethos animates the ranks of the diplomatic corps. "When you come to a decision without the input of the Foreign Service," says Ambassador Ned Walker, Assistant Secretary for Near East and South Asian Affairs (NEA) until 2001, "then it's not a legitimate decision."

Joseph McCarthy, Jesse Helms, and Pat Robertson aren't the only ones who have objected to this line of reasoning. In 1966, then–Secretary of State Dean Rusk asked Yale Professor Chris Argyris to conduct a study explaining what ailed the Foreign Service. His report described an "inbred club" whose members resist outside direction and "focu[s] more on protecting [their] department than on making effective decisions." In 2001, the bipartisan Hart-Rudman Commission on National Security portrayed the State Department as a "dysfunctional" institution whose Foreign Service officers could use a "needed reminder that this group of people does not serve the interest of foreign states, but is a pillar of U.S. national security."

During his presidency, Franklin Roosevelt offered a needed reminder by creating his own personal State Department, relying on back-channels to communicate directly with U.S. wartime allies. After the diplomatic corps nearly revolted over the U.S. decision to recognize the state of Israel, Harry Truman complained that "the president of the United States, and not the second or third echelon in the State Department, is responsible for making foreign policy." During the Nixon administration, observed political scientist James Q. Wilson, "Policy was under Henry Kissinger's control; the department was under nobody's control."

As for the current administration, Rice may well heal the administration's lateral rifts—that is, those pitting the secretary of state against the secretary of defense and the White House over issues such as Iraq, North Korea, and the International Criminal Court (ICC). But, if the age-old bureaucratic rift between the State Department and its political masters—hitherto obscured by Colin Powell's self-appointed role as Foreign Service officer-in-chief—blows wide open, it won't be because Rice "purged" too many insubordinate bureaucrats, but too few.

Contrary to prevailing wisdom, members of the Bush team contend that what the press took to be Powell's defiance was as often as not the defiance of a bureaucracy only nominally under his supervision. In this telling, instances of Powell flouting official policy tended to be exceptions to the norm. The Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, Kyoto, direct negotiations with North Korea, the war in Iraq, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict—in each of these cases, Powell lost the policy arguments and, without skipping a beat, went on to implement the very policies he had just lobbied against.

The only problem was, the bureaucracy continued to lobby. The bureau that most concerns Rice and her colleagues in this regard is NEA. When, for instance, Bush proposed an ambitious and concrete plan to promote democracy in the Middle East last year (a plan that Powell enthusiastically supported), NEA, responding to the objections of Arab leaders, watered down the eventual proposals beyond recognition—contributing to, among other things, the departure of Liz Cheney, the project's driving force. And when, on the eve of the war in Iraq, Washington distributed talking points in defense of its position to U.S. embassies abroad, several ambassadors in the Middle East cabled back to Foggy Bottom protesting that they would not make the case for war.

Hence, the dilemma confronting Rice: Under this president, some State Department officials regard acts of dissent not only as their right, but as their obligation. In May 2003, for instance, Keith Mines, a Foreign Service officer known for his opposition to the administration's handling of the Iraq war, penned a dissenting cable titled, "Let the U.N. Manage the Political Transition in Iraq." Fair enough, but Mines has now gone public, calling for U.S. forces to leave Iraq by next spring. In a recent interview with the American Foreign Service Association—on the occasion of receiving the organization's Constructive Dissent Award—Mines charges the administration with "shutting out those who have made a career of working on political transitions in favor of those with vivid imaginations." Similarly harsh assessments of administration policy have come from Ronald Schlicher, until

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recently a top-ranking official in Iraq. State Department officials say that, as consul general in Jerusalem, Schlicher—who declined an interview request—was rendered so disconsolate by Bush's 2002 announcement that the United States would no longer deal with Yasir Arafat that he simply stopped sending cables to Washington. Which stands to reason: According to *The Jerusalem Post*, a letter Arafat sent to Powell, in which the Palestinian leader attempted an apology for smuggling arms from Iran, was penned by Schlicher himself.

Nor will Rice's problems be confined to NEA. Dissent at Foggy Bottom takes many forms. Last March, North Korean representatives informed two of the State Department's Korea negotiators, Jack Pritchard and David Straub, that Pyongyang had begun reprocessing plutonium. Alas, no one bothered to relay the news to the White House, apparently out of fear that the revelation would derail talks with North Korea. Also last year, Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs Beth Jones recruited the assistant secretaries of every regional bureau to co-sign a letter to Powell insisting that the United States abandon its campaign for bilateral agreements exempting Americans from prosecution by the ICC, even though he had already authorized it. The year before, the Consular Affairs (C.A.) bureau revolted when Powell entertained the idea of transferring visa authority to the Department of Homeland Security; at morning staff meetings, screaming matches erupted between Powell and then–C.A. Director Mary Ryan, whom he eventually fired.

ALL OF WHICH raises the question: If Powell's troops wouldn't follow his orders consistently, how likely are they to submit to the president's alter ego? Neatly summarizing Rice's dilemma, former Iraq adviser Michael Rubin says, "You can't be true to the president's foreign policy and be 'nice' to the Foreign Service." Consummate foreign policy realists that they are, Foreign Service officers typically dismiss the notion that ideological considerations should play a role in foreign policy deliberations. Given Bush's highly ideological foreign policy, Rice could end up presiding over a bureaucratic meltdown.

Which is why, far from purging the State Department's ranks, colleagues suggest Rice's strategy will be to mollify them. "The line that Condi will crack the whip is completely wrong," says Stephen Biegun, until last year an executive secretary under Rice at the National Security Council (NSC). "She's made a point of signaling to the State Department that she intends to work with the Foreign Service."

A useful barometer in this regard is the contest to be Rice's deputy secretary of state. Vice President Dick Cheney and former Secretary of State James Baker have been pushing Rice to appoint Undersecretary of State John Bolton, the administration's most effective hardliner and a bane to Foreign Service officers everywhere. But career State Department officials on Rice's NSC staff, along with former national security adviser and Rice mentor Brent Scowcroft, have all but talked her out of the idea. According to administration officials, Rice fears his nomination would elicit a mass revolt at Foggy Bottom. In a similar vein, the rumor, floated in *The Washington Post*, that Iraq hawk and American Enterprise Institute Vice President Danielle Pletka could receive the nod as Assistant Secretary at NEA doesn't contain a kernel of truth. Fears of unrest in the ranks may have also diminished the prospects for Reagan administration veteran Elliott Abrams, now at the NSC and mentioned as another contender for the post.

Such fears haven't been spun out of whole cloth. But Rice won't be able to please both the president she serves and the bureaucracy she directs. As former Ambassador Laurence Silberman put it in an influential 1979 *Foreign Affairs* article on the subject, by resisting prerogatives "essential to presidential control, [the Foreign Service] inevitably rejects as well the legitimacy of political direction." Twenty-five years later, that's still the case. It may be time to crack the whip. ■

An argument for a new liberalism.

A Fighting Faith

BY PETER BEINART

ON JANUARY 4, 1947, 130 men and women met at Washington's Willard Hotel to save American liberalism. A few months earlier, in articles in THE NEW REPUBLIC and elsewhere, the columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop had warned that "the liberal movement is now engaged in sowing the seeds of its own destruction." Liberals, they argued, "consistently avoided the great political reality of the present: the Soviet challenge to the West." Unless that changed, "In the spasm of terror which will seize this country ... it is the right—the very extreme right—which is most likely to gain victory."

During World War II, only one major liberal organization, the Union for Democratic Action (UDA), had banned communists from its ranks. At the Willard, members of the UDA met to expand and rename their organization. The attendees, who included Reinhold Niebuhr, Arthur

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, Walter Reuther, and Eleanor Roosevelt, issued a press release that enumerated the new organization's principles. Announcing the formation of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), the statement declared, "[B]ecause the interests of the United States are the interests of free men everywhere," America should support "democratic and freedom-loving peoples the world over." That meant unceasing opposition to communism, an ideology "hostile to the principles of freedom and democracy on which the Republic has grown great."

At the time, the ADA's was still a minority view among American liberals. Two of the most influential journals of liberal opinion, THE NEW REPUBLIC and *The Nation*, both rejected militant anti-communism. Former Vice President Henry Wallace, a hero to many liberals, saw communists as allies in the fight for domestic and international progress. As Steven M. Gillon notes in *Politics and Vision*, his excellent history of the ADA, it was virtually the only liberal organization to back President Harry S Truman's March 1947 decision to aid Greece and Turkey in their battle against Soviet subversion.

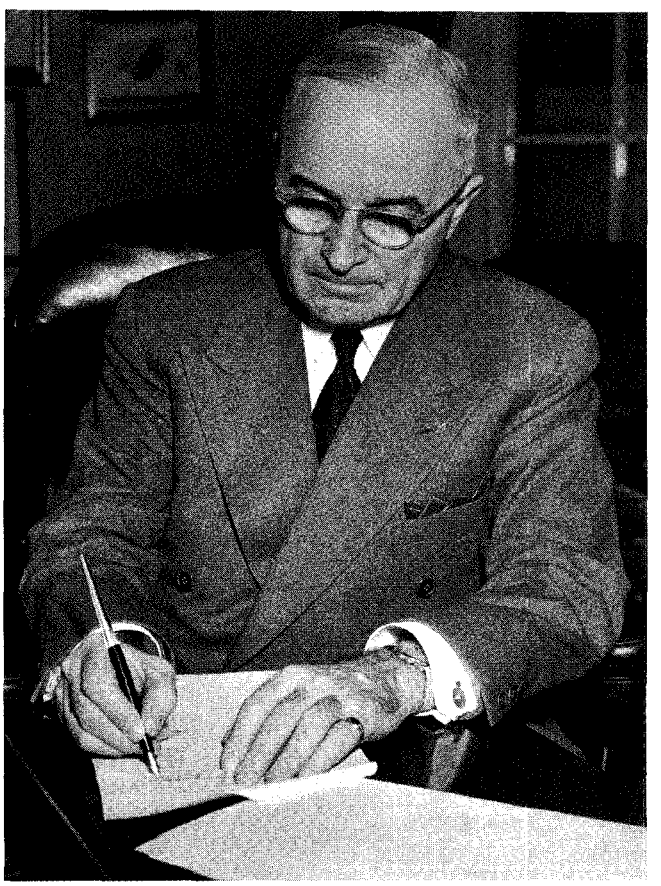
But, over the next two years, in bitter political combat across the institutions of American liberalism, anti-communism gained strength. With the ADA's help, Truman crushed Wallace's third-party challenge en route to reelection. The formerly leftist Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) expelled its communist affiliates and THE NEW REPUBLIC broke with Wallace, its former editor. The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) denounced communism, as did the NAACP. By 1949, three years after Winston Churchill warned that an "iron curtain" had descended across Europe, Schlesinger could write in *The Vital Center*: "Mid-twentieth century liberalism, I believe, has thus been fundamentally reshaped ... by the exposure of the Soviet Union, and by the deepening of our knowledge of man. The consequence of this historical re-education has been an unconditional rejection of totalitarianism."

Today, three years after September 11 brought the United States face-to-face with a new totalitarian threat, liberalism has still not "been fundamentally reshaped" by the experience. On the right, a "historical re-education" has indeed occurred—replacing the isolationism of the Gingrich Congress with George W. Bush and Dick Cheney's near-theological faith in the transformative capacity of U.S. military might. But American liberalism, as defined by its activist organizations, remains largely what it was in the 1990s—a collection of domestic interests and concerns. On health care, gay rights, and the environment, there is a positive vision, articulated with passion. But there is little liberal passion to win the struggle against Al Qaeda—even though totalitarian Islam has killed thousands of Americans and aims to kill millions; and even though, if it gained power, its efforts to force every aspect of life into conformity with a barbaric interpretation of Islam would reign terror upon women, religious minorities, and anyone in the Muslim world with a thirst for modernity or freedom.

When liberals talk about America's new era, the discussion is largely negative—against the Iraq war, against restrictions on civil liberties, against America's worsening reputation in the world. In sharp contrast to the first years of the cold war, post–September 11 liberalism has produced leaders and institutions—most notably Michael Moore and MoveOn—that do not put the struggle against America's new totalitarian foe at the center of their hopes for a better world. As a result, the Democratic Party boasts a fairly hawkish foreign policy establishment and a cadre of politicians and strategists eager to look tough. But, below this small elite sits a Wallacite grassroots that views America's new struggle as a distraction, if not a mirage. Two elections, and two defeats, into the September 11 era, American liberalism still has not had its meeting at the Willard Hotel. And the hour is getting late.

THE KERRY COMPROMISE

THE PRESS LOVES a surprise. And so, in the days immediately after November 2, journalists trumpeted the revelation that "moral values" had cost John Kerry the election. Upon deeper investigation, however, the reasons for Kerry's loss don't look that surprising at all. In fact, they are largely the same reasons congressional Democrats lost in 2002.



Harry S Truman's defeat of Henry Wallace in 1948 helped make the Democrats an anti-totalitarian party.

LANDOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pundits have seized on exit polls showing that the electorate's single greatest concern was moral values, cited by 22 percent of voters. But, as my colleague Andrew Sullivan has pointed out ("Uncivil Union," November 22), a similar share of the electorate cited moral values in the '90s. The real change this year was on foreign policy. In 2000, only 12 percent of voters cited "world affairs" as their paramount issue; this year, 34 percent mentioned either Iraq or terrorism. (Combined, the two foreign policy categories dwarf moral values.) Voters who cited terrorism backed Bush even more strongly than those who cited moral values. And it was largely this new cohort—the same one that handed the GOP its Senate majority in 2002—that accounts for Bush's improvement over 2000. As Paul Freedman recently calculated in *Slate*, if you control for Bush's share of the vote four years ago, "a 10-point increase in the percentage of voters [in a given state] citing terrorism as the most important problem translates into a 3-point Bush gain. A 10-point increase in morality voters, on the other hand, has no effect."

On national security, Kerry's nomination was a compromise between a party elite desperate to neutralize the terrorism issue and a liberal base unwilling to redefine itself for the post–September 11 world. In the early days of his candidacy, Kerry seemed destined to run as a hawk. In June 2002, he attacked Bush from the right for not committing American ground troops in the mountains of Tora Bora. Like the other leading candidates in the race, he voted to authorize the use of force in Iraq. This not only pleased Kerry's consultants, who hoped to inoculate him against charges that he was soft on terrorism, but it satisfied his foreign policy advisers as well.

The Democratic foreign policy establishment that counseled the leading presidential candidates during the primaries—and coalesced behind Kerry after he won the nomination—was the product of a decade-long evolution. Bill Clinton had come into office with little passion for foreign policy, except as it affected the U.S. economy. But, over time, his administration grew more concerned with international affairs and more hawkish. In August 1995, Clinton finally sent NATO warplanes into action in Bosnia. And, four years later, the United States, again working through NATO, launched a humanitarian war in Kosovo, preventing another ethnic cleansing and setting the stage for a democratic revolution in Belgrade. It was an air war, to be sure, and it put few American lives at risk. But it was a war nonetheless, initiated without U.N. backing by a Democratic president in response to internal events in a sovereign country.

For top Kerry foreign policy advisers, such as Richard Holbrooke and Joseph Biden, Bosnia and Kosovo seemed like models for a new post-Vietnam liberalism that embraced U.S. power. And September 11 validated the transformation. Democratic foreign policy wonks not only supported the war in Afghanistan, they generally felt it didn't go far enough—urging a larger NATO force capable of securing the entire country. And, while disturbed by the Bush administration's handling of Iraq, they agreed that Saddam Hussein was a threat and, more generally, supported aggressive efforts to democratize the Muslim world. As *National Journal*'s Paul Starobin noted in a September 2004 profile, "Kerry and his foreign-policy advisers are not doves. They are liberal war hawks who would be unafraid to use American power to promote their values." At the Democratic convention, Biden said that the "overwhelming obligation of the next president is clear"—to exercise "the full measure of our power" to defeat Islamist totalitarianism.

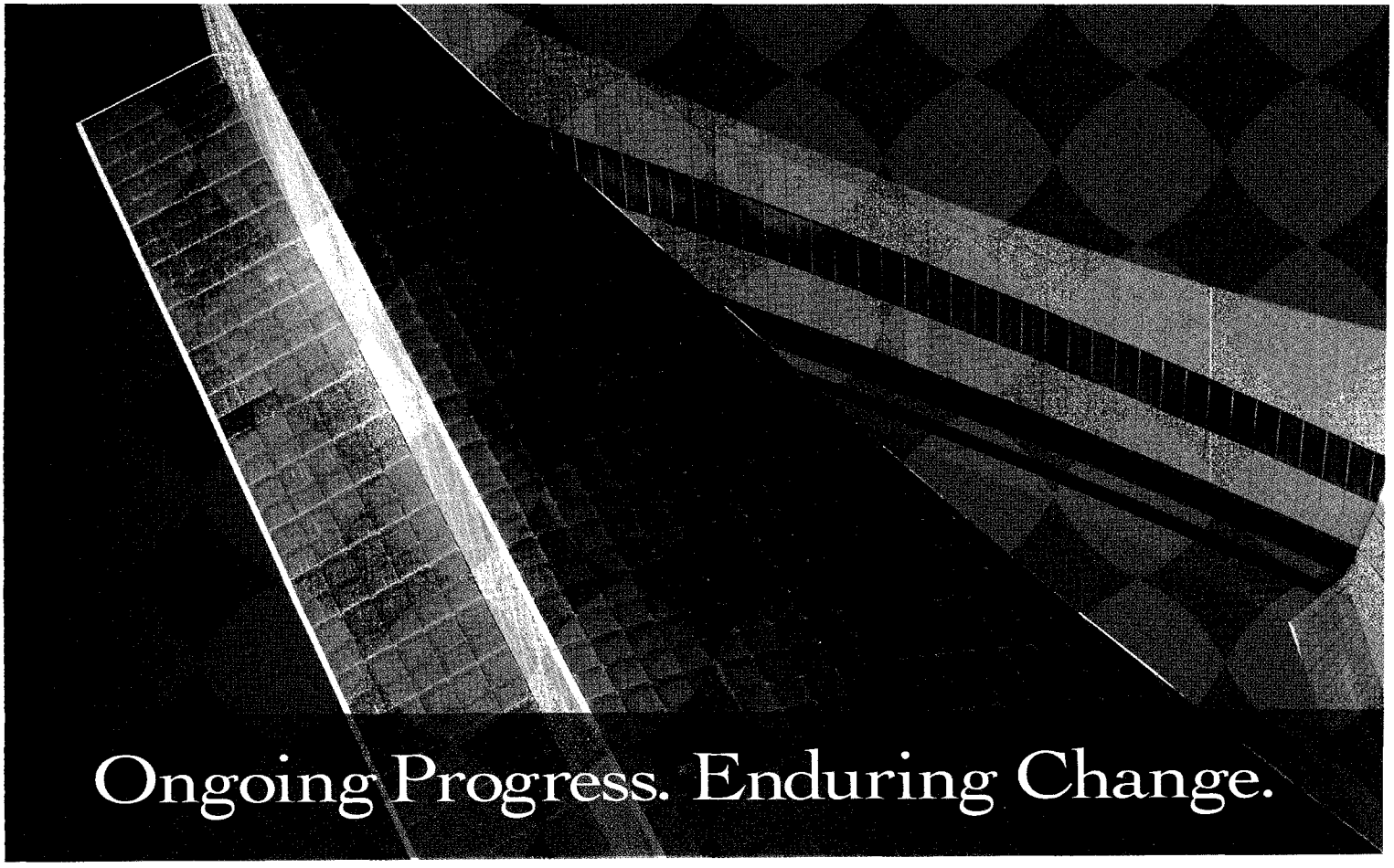
Had history taken a different course, this new brand of liberalism might have expanded beyond a narrow foreign policy elite. The war in Afghanistan, while unlike Kosovo a war of self-defense, once again brought the Western democracies together against a deeply illiberal foe. Had that war, rather than the war in Iraq, become the defining event of the post–September 11 era, the "re-education" about U.S. power, and about the new totalitarian threat from the Muslim world that had transformed Kerry's advisers, might have trickled down to the party's liberal base, transforming it as well.

Instead, Bush's war on terrorism became a partisan affair—defined in the liberal mind not by images of American soldiers walking Afghan girls to school, but by John Ashcroft's mass detentions and Cheney's false claims about Iraqi WMD. The left's post–September 11 enthusiasm for an aggressive campaign against Al Qaeda—epitomized by students at liberal campuses signing up for jobs with the CIA—was overwhelmed by horror at the bungled Iraq war. So, when the Democratic presidential candidates began courting their party's activists in Iowa and New Hampshire in 2003, they found a liberal grassroots that viewed the war on terrorism in negative terms and judged the candidates less on their enthusiasm for defeating Al Qaeda than on their enthusiasm for defeating Bush. The three candidates who made winning the war on terrorism the centerpiece of their campaigns—Joseph Lieberman, Bob Graham, and Wesley Clark—each failed to capture the imagination of liberal activists eager for a positive agenda only in the domestic sphere. Three of the early front-runners—Kerry, John Edwards, and Dick Gephardt—each sank as Howard Dean pilloried them for supporting Ashcroft's Patriot Act and the Iraq war.

Three months before the Iowa caucuses, facing mass liberal defections to Dean, Kerry voted against Bush's $87 billion supplemental request for Iraq. With that vote, the Kerry compromise was born. To Kerry's foreign policy advisers, some of whom supported the supplemental funding, he remained a vehicle for an aggressive war on terrorism. And that may well have been Kerry's own intention. But, to the liberal voters who would choose the party's nominee, he became a more electable Dean. Kerry's opposition to the $87 billion didn't only change his image on the war in Iraq; it changed his image on the war on terrorism itself. His justification for opposing the $87 billion was essentially isolationist: "We shouldn't be opening firehouses in Baghdad and

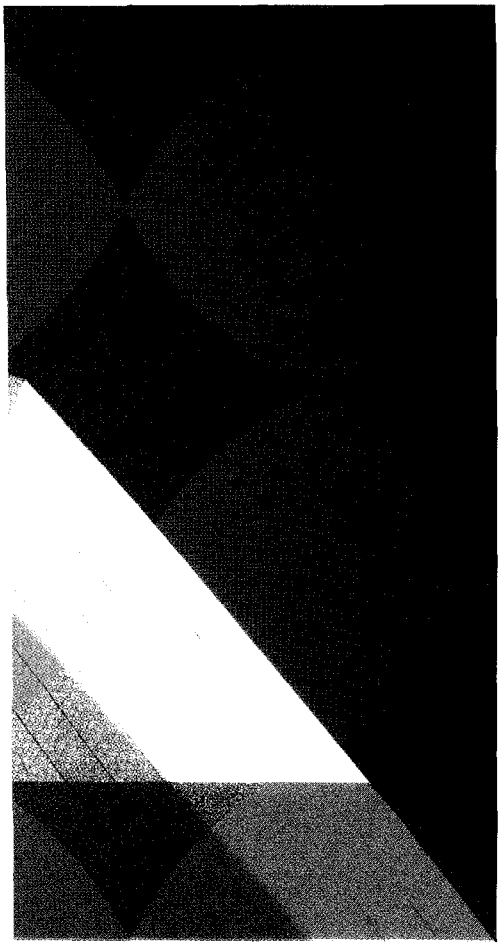
Continued on page 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reform is vital to Saudi Arabia's future. We are carrying out initiatives to improve political participation, education, financial controls and contribution to the world economy. Through a series of dedicated efforts, the Kingdom is creating an environment that fosters modernization and strengthens our involvement in the global community.



Political Participation – Voter registration began this November for municipal elections to be held in February 2005. Citizens will elect representatives in 178 municipal councils in cities and villages in the Kingdom's 13 provinces.

Educational Reform – Saudi Arabia is in the middle of a multi-year program to update textbooks and curricula, introduce new teaching methods and provide better training for our teachers. These initiatives are aimed at providing our young people with modern education.

Financial Oversight – Saudi laws to combat money laundering and terrorist financing have been recognized as among the toughest in the world by such organizations as the Financial Action Task Force of the G-8. The government has frozen bank accounts, seized funds and made arrests in conjunction with terror financing. We have even gone so far as to end the collection of cash contributions in mosques and public places and have established a moratorium on the ability of individuals to send money abroad.

Economic Reforms – Saudi Arabia, the largest economy in the Arab World, is applying for accession to the World Trade Organization and has signed 35 bilateral agreements with other WTO members, including China, Japan, Argentina, Australia and the European Union. The Kingdom has also taken steps to further open its economy to foreign investment and to privatize government-owned entities.

THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA

Strong Allies. Committed Friends.

For more information on Saudi Arabia's political, social and economic reforms, please visit **www.saudiembassy.net**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closing them down in our own communities." And, by exploiting public antipathy toward foreign aid and nation-building, the natural building blocks of any liberal anti-totalitarian effort in the Muslim world, Kerry signaled that liberalism's moral energies should be unleashed primarily at home.

Kerry's vote against the $87 billion helped him lure back the liberal activists he needed to win Iowa, and Iowa catapulted him toward the nomination. But the vote came back to haunt him in two ways. Most obviously, it helped the Bush campaign paint him as unprincipled. But, more subtly, it made it harder for Kerry to ask Americans to sacrifice in a global campaign for freedom. Biden could suggest "a new program of national service" and other measures to "spread the cost and hardship of the war on terror beyond our soldiers and their families." But, whenever Kerry flirted with asking Americans to do more to meet America's new threat, he found himself limited by his prior emphasis on doing less. At times, he said his primary focus in Iraq would be bringing American troops home. He called for expanding the military but pledged that none of the new troops would go to Iraq, the new center of the terror war, where he had said American forces were undermanned. Kerry's criticisms of Bush's Iraq policy were trenchant, but the only alternative principle he clearly articulated was multilateralism, which often sounded like a veiled way of asking Americans to do less. And, because he never urged a national mobilization for safety and freedom, his discussion of terrorism lacked Bush's grandeur. That wasn't an accident. Had Kerry aggressively championed a national mobilization to win the war on terrorism, he wouldn't have been the Democratic nominee.

The Softs

Kerry was a flawed candidate, but he was not the fundamental problem. The fundamental problem was the party's liberal base, which would have refused to nominate anyone who proposed redefining the Democratic Party in the way the ADA did in 1947. The challenge for Democrats today is not to find a different kind of presidential candidate. It is to transform the party at its grassroots so that a different kind of presidential candidate can emerge. That means abandoning the unity-at-all-costs ethos that governed American liberalism in 2004. And it requires a sustained battle to wrest the Democratic Party from the heirs of Henry Wallace. In the party today, two such heirs loom largest: Michael Moore and MoveOn.

In 1950, the journal *The New Leader* divided American liberals into "hards" and "softs." The hards, epitomized by the ADA, believed anti-communism was the fundamental litmus test for a decent left. Non-communism was not enough; opposition to the totalitarian threat was the prerequisite for membership in American liberalism because communism was the defining moral challenge of the age.

The softs, by contrast, were not necessarily communists themselves. But they refused to make anti-communism their guiding principle. For them, the threat to liberal values came entirely from the right—from militarists, from red-baiters, and from the forces of economic reaction. To attack the communists, reliable allies in the fight for civil rights and economic justice, was a distraction from the struggle for progress.

Moore is the most prominent soft in the United States today. Most Democrats agree with him about the Iraq war, about Ashcroft, and about Bush. What they do not recognize, or do not acknowledge, is that Moore does not oppose Bush's policies because he thinks they fail to effectively address the terrorist threat; he does not believe there *is* a terrorist threat. For Moore, terrorism is an opiate whipped up by corporate bosses. In *Dude, Where's My Country?*, he says it plainly: "There is no terrorist threat." And he wonders, "Why has our government gone to such absurd lengths to convince us our lives are in danger?"

Moore views totalitarian Islam the way Wallace viewed communism: As a phantom, a ruse employed by the only enemies that matter, those on the right. Saudi extremists may have brought down the Twin Towers, but the real menace is the Carlyle Group. Today, most liberals naïvely consider Moore a useful ally, a bomb-thrower against a right-wing that deserves to be torched. What they do not understand is that his real casualties are on the decent left. When Moore opposes the war against the Taliban, he casts doubt upon the sincerity of liberals who say they opposed the Iraq war because they wanted to win in Afghanistan first. When Moore says terrorism should be no greater a national concern than car accidents or pneumonia, he makes it harder for liberals to claim that their belief in civil liberties does not imply a diminished vigilance against Al Qaeda.

Moore is a non-totalitarian, but, like Wallace, he is not an anti-totalitarian. And, when Democratic National Committee Chairman Terry McAuliffe and Tom Daschle flocked to the Washington premiere of *Fahrenheit 9/11*, and when Moore sat in Jimmy Carter's box at the Democratic convention, many Americans wondered whether the Democratic Party was anti-totalitarian either.

If Moore is America's leading individual soft, liberalism's premier soft organization is MoveOn. MoveOn was formed to oppose Clinton's impeachment, but, after September 11, it turned to opposing the war in Afghanistan. A MoveOn-sponsored petition warned, "If we retaliate by bombing Kabul and kill people oppressed by the Taliban, we become like the terrorists we oppose."

By January 2002, MoveOn was collaborating with 9-11peace.org, a website founded by Eli Pariser, who would later become MoveOn's most visible spokesman. One early 9-11peace.org bulletin urged supporters to "[c]all world leaders and ask them to call off the bombing," and to "[f]ly the UN Flag as a symbol of global unity and support for international law." Others questioned the wisdom of increased funding for the CIA and the deployment of American troops to assist in anti-terrorist efforts in the Philippines. In October 2002, after 9-11peace.org was incorporated into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MoveOn, an organization bulletin suggested that the United States should have "utilize[d] international law and judicial procedures, including due process" against bin Laden and that "it's possible that a tribunal could even have garnered cooperation from the Taliban."

In the past several years, MoveOn has emerged, in the words of *Salon*'s Michelle Goldberg, as "the most important political advocacy group in Democratic circles." It boasts more than 1.5 million members and raised a remarkable $40 million for the 2004 election. Many MoveOn supporters probably disagree with the organization's opposition to the Afghan war, if they are even aware of it, and simply see the group as an effective means to combat Bush. But one of the lessons of the early cold war is scrupulousness about whom liberals let speak in their name. And, while MoveOn's frequent bulletins are far more thoughtful than Moore's rants, they convey the same basic hostility to U.S. power.

In the early days after September 11, MoveOn suggested that foreign aid might prove a better way to defeat terrorism than military action. But, in recent years, it seems to have largely lost interest in any agenda for fighting terrorism at all. Instead, MoveOn's discussion of the subject seems dominated by two, entirely negative, ideas. First, the war on terrorism crushes civil liberties. On July 18, 2002, in a bulletin titled "Can Democracy Survive an Endless 'War'?," MoveOn charged that the Patriot Act had "nullified large portions of the Bill of Rights." Having grossly inflated the Act's effect, the bulletin then contrasted it with the—implicitly far smaller—danger from Al Qaeda, asking: "Is the threat to the United States' existence great enough to justify the evisceration of our most treasured principles?"

Secondly, the war on terrorism diverts attention from liberalism's positive agenda, which is overwhelmingly domestic. The MoveOn bulletin consists largely of links to articles in other publications, and, while the organization says it "does not necessarily endorse the views espoused on the pages that we link to," the articles generally fit the party line. On October 2, 2002, MoveOn linked to what it called an "excellent article," whose author complained that "it seems all anyone in Washington can think or talk about is terrorism, rebuilding Afghanistan and un-building Iraq." Another article in the same bulletin notes that "a large proportion of [federal] money is earmarked for security concerns related to the 'war on terrorism,' leaving less money available for basic public services."

Like the softs of the early cold war, MoveOn sees threats to liberalism only on the right. And thus, it makes common cause with the most deeply illiberal elements on the international left. In its campaign against the Iraq war, MoveOn urged its supporters to participate in protests co-sponsored by International ANSWER, a front for the World Workers Party, which has defended Saddam, Slobodan Milosevic, and Kim Jong Il. When George Packer, in *The New York Times Magazine*, asked Pariser about sharing the stage with apologists for dictators, he replied, "I'm personally against defending Slobodan Milosevic and calling North Korea a socialist heaven, but it's just not relevant right now."

Pariser's words could serve as the slogan for today's softs, who do not see the fight against dictatorship and jihad as relevant to their brand of liberalism. When *The New York Times* asked delegates to this summer's Democratic and Republican conventions which issues were most important, only 2 percent of Democrats mentioned terrorism, compared with 15 percent of Republicans. One percent of Democrats mentioned defense, compared with 15 percent of Republicans. And 1 percent of Democrats mentioned homeland security, compared with 8 percent of Republicans. The irony is that Kerry—influenced by his relatively hawkish advisers—actually supported boosting homeland security funding and increasing the size of the military. But he got little public credit for those proposals, perhaps because most Americans still see the GOP as the party more concerned with security, at home and abroad. And, judging from the delegates at the two conventions, that perception is exactly right.

The Vital Center

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. would not have shared MoveOn's fear of an "endless war" on terrorism. In *The Vital Center*, he wrote, "Free society and totalitarianism today struggle for the minds and hearts of men. ... If we believe in free society hard enough to keep on fighting for it, we are pledged to a permanent crisis which will test the moral, political and very possibly the military strength of each side. A 'permanent' crisis? Well, a generation or two anyway, permanent in one's own lifetime."

Schlesinger, in other words, saw the struggle against the totalitarianism of his time not as a distraction from liberalism's real concerns, or as alien to liberalism's core values, but as the arena in which those values found their deepest expression. That meant several things. First, if liberalism was to credibly oppose totalitarianism, it could not be reflexively hostile to military force. Schlesinger denounced what he called "doughfaces," liberals with "a weakness for impotence ... a fear, that is, of making concrete decisions and being held to account for concrete consequences." Nothing better captures Moore, who denounced the Taliban for its hideous violations of human rights but opposed military action against it—preferring pie-in-the-sky suggestions about nonviolent regime change.

For Schlesinger (who, ironically, has moved toward a softer liberalism later in life), in fact, it was conservatives, with their obsessive hostility to higher taxes, who could not be trusted to fund America's cold war struggle. "An important segment of business opinion," he wrote, "still hesitates to undertake a foreign policy of the magnitude necessary to prop up a free world against totalitarianism lest it add a few dollars to the tax rate." After Dwight Eisenhower became president, the ADA took up this line, arguing in October 1953 that the "overriding issue before the American people today is whether the national defense is to be determined by the demands of the world situation or sacrificed to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worship of tax reductions and a balanced budget." Such critiques laid the groundwork for John F. Kennedy's 1960 campaign—a campaign, as Richard Walton notes in *Cold War and Counterrevolution*, "dominated by a hard-line, get-tough attack on communism." Once in office, Kennedy dramatically increased military spending.

Such a critique might seem unavailable to liberals today, given that Bush, having abandoned the Republican Party's traditional concern with balanced budgets, seems content to cut taxes and strengthen the U.S. military at the same time. But subtly, the Republican Party's dual imperatives have already begun to collide—with a stronger defense consistently losing out. Bush has not increased the size of the U.S. military since September 11—despite repeated calls from hawks in his own party—in part because, given his massive tax cuts, he simply cannot afford to. An anti-totalitarian liberalism would attack those tax cuts not merely as unfair and fiscally reckless, but, above all, as long-term threats to America's ability to wage war against fanatical Islam. Today, however, there is no liberal constituency for such an argument in a Democratic Party in which only 2 percent of delegates called "terrorism" their paramount issue and another 1 percent mentioned "defense."

But Schlesinger and the ADA didn't only attack the right as weak on national defense; they charged that conservatives were not committed to defeating communism in the battle for hearts and minds. It was the ADA's ally, Truman, who had developed the Marshall Plan to safeguard European democracies through massive U.S. foreign aid. And, when Truman proposed extending the principle to the Third World, calling in his 1949 inaugural address for "a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas," it was congressional Republicans who resisted the effort.

Support for a U.S.-led campaign to defeat Third World communism through economic development and social justice remained central to anti-totalitarian liberalism throughout the 1950s. Addressing an ADA meeting in 1952, Democratic Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut called for an "army" of young Americans to travel to the Third World as "missionaries of democracy." In 1955, the ADA called for doubling U.S. aid to the Third World, to blunt "the main thrust of communist expansion" and to "help those countries provide the reality of freedom and make an actual start toward economic betterment." When Kennedy took office, he proposed the Alliance for Progress, a $20 billion Marshall Plan for Latin America. And, answering McMahon's call, he launched the Peace Corps, an opportunity for young Americans to participate "in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace."

The critique the ADA leveled in the '50s could be leveled by liberals again today. For all the Bush administration's talk about promoting freedom in the Muslim world, its efforts have been crippled by the Republican Party's deep-seated opposition to foreign aid and nation-building, illustrated most disastrously in Iraq. The resources that the United States has committed to democratization and development in the Middle East are trivial, prompting Naiem Sherbiny of Egypt's reformist Ibn Khaldun Center to tell *The Washington Post* late last year that the Bush administration was "pussyfooting at the margin with small stuff."

Many Democratic foreign policy thinkers favor a far more ambitious U.S. effort. Biden, for instance, has called for the United States to "dramatically expand our investment in global education." But, while an updated Marshall Plan and an expanded Peace Corps for the Muslim world are more naturally liberal than conservative ideas, they have not resonated among post–September 11 liberal activists. A new Peace Corps requires faith in America's ability to improve the world, something that Moore—who has said the United States "is known for bringing sadness and misery to places around the globe"—clearly lacks. And a new Marshall Plan clearly contradicts the zero-sum view of foreign aid that undergirded Kerry's vote against the $87 billion. In their alienation over Iraq, many liberal activists seem to see the very idea of democracy-promotion as alien. When the *Times* asked Democratic delegates whether the "United States should try to change a dictatorship to a democracy where it can, or should the United States stay out of other countries' affairs," more than three times as many Democrats answered "stay out," even though the question said nothing about military force.

What the ADA understood, and today's softs do not, is that, while in a narrow sense the struggle against totalitarianism may divert resources from domestic causes, it also provides a powerful rationale for a more just society at home. During the early cold war, liberals repeatedly argued that the denial of African American civil rights undermined America's anti-communist efforts in the Third World. This linkage between freedom at home and freedom abroad was particularly important in the debate over civil liberties. One of the hallmarks of ADA liberals was their refusal to imply—as groups like MoveOn sometimes do today—that civil liberties violations represent a greater threat to liberal values than America's totalitarian foes. And, whenever possible, they argued that violations of individual freedom were wrong, at least in part, because they hindered the anti-communist effort. Sadly, few liberal indictments of, for instance, the Ashcroft detentions are couched in similar terms today.

Toward an Anti-Totalitarian Liberalism

For liberals to make such arguments effectively, they must first take back their movement from the softs. We will know such an effort has begun when dissension breaks out within America's key liberal institutions. In the late '40s, the conflict played out in Minnesota's left-leaning Democratic Farmer-Labor Party,

Continued on page 29

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FUTURE OF THE U.S.—SAUDI RELATIONSHIP

What is Saudi Arabia doing to embrace reform and what role will the U.S. play?

On Nov. 18, 2004, *The New Republic* assembled a panel of scholars and Middle East experts to discuss and debate the relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia. Panelists explored the historic relationship focused on primarily oil, security and the Cold War. Participants then discussed the current tensions between the two countries and what role the United States will play in the ongoing political reform of Saudi Arabia, as well as what the impact of change will be on a country deeply rooted in traditional Islam. The following is an edited transcript:

THE PANEL

THOMAS LIPPMAN
Adjunct Scholar,
Middle East Institute

PETER MANDAVILLE
Director,
George Mason University's
Center for Global Studies

JIM PLACKE
Senior Associate,
Cambridge Energy
Research Associates

LEON WIESELTIER
Literary Editor,
The New Republic

MODERATED BY

LAWRENCE KAPLAN
Senior Editor,
The New Republic

LAWRENCE KAPLAN: The topic of today's discussion is the future of U.S.-Saudi relations, and specifically the contours of those relations as they stand today in 2004.

For roughly six decades the contours of those relations were fairly straightforward. I think we had a quid pro quo with the Saudis where, in exchange for basing rights and access to oil, the United States more or less turned a blind eye to what went on inside Saudi Arabia's borders. The question is, how much has that changed today? And specifically, are counterterrorism, settling the situation in Iraq and political reform in the region the new pillars of U.S.-Saudi relations?

And to answer that question we have a panel of distinguished guests. Why don't we start with any introductory remarks and thoughts that the panelists have, specifically on the question of [whether] the nature of the U.S.-Saudi relationship truly changed [following the events of] 9/11.

THOMAS LIPPMAN: I set out after 9/11 to examine the entire history and nature of the relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia. And even I, who had been to Saudi Arabia many times and had been a correspondent in the region for *The Washington Post*, was astonished at every step of the research about the complexity, the breadth and the depth of the historic relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia, to the point where I think that, contrary to what most people believe, it's fair to say that there's no aspect of life in Saudi Arabia today, other than religion, that hasn't been profoundly and directly impacted by the relationship with America, Americans and American institutions, going back even to before the oil contract — the oil concession — was signed in 1932.

Now obviously, as everyone knows, the relations have taken a pounding over the past couple of years because of 9/11 and ... the war in Iraq. But there's a paradox, in that the bilateral relationship between the governments is quite good today, and you'll hear American officials from the State Department, the Treasury Department and the security agencies talk about how the Saudis got serious about terrorism after the attacks on the housing compounds in Riyadh. But the other aspects of the relationship, between people and between nongovernmental organizations and institutions, are deteriorating quite rapidly.

The downfall of [former Iraqi President] Saddam Hussein enabled the United States to remove its troops from Saudi Arabia without appearing to have capitulated to the terrorists in Saudi Arabia, and it was good for both countries. But the irritants really outweigh the positive signs. The Saudis are deeply resentful of the kind of unrestrained Saudi bashing that's gone on in this country for the past couple of years.

And meanwhile the actual American presence in Saudi Arabia has diminished somewhat because of security concerns. And fewer Saudis are coming here — some because they don't want to, some because they can't get visas, and some are apparently moving money out of the country.

I would say that over time, going back to the days when [the] United States and Saudi Arabia first came together from opposite poles of the human experience back in the early 1930s, the relationship has worked well for both sides, and it is now in some jeopardy. The downward trajectory that we're on now can and should be reversed.

JIM PLACKE: I look at the Saudi-U.S. relationship as a three-legged stool. The three legs are oil, security and the Cold War, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they've all changed over the last decade.

Traditionally, Saudi Arabia maintained itself as the No. 1 supplier of crude oil to the U.S. market, and they did so in part because they [believed] it was a strategic necessity to balance the oil and security aspects of the relationship. They relied [on] the U.S. in many respects — for military equipment, for military training and, ultimately, after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, for physical security, protection.

To maintain itself as the No. 1 supplier, Saudi Arabia simply priced its oil competitively to achieve that purpose, often foregoing 20 to 30 cents a barrel that they could have realized above that price by selling into the East Asian market. Well, that simply has changed. They're just not doing that anymore. And you can see it reflected in Saudi exports to the U.S., which began a fairly sharp decline in late 2002, continued through 2003 and into the middle part of this year.

In the open competition for gas exploration and development contracts that was adjudicated earlier this year, no American company walked away with a contract, and in particular Chevron, who is, after all, the original discoverer of oil in Saudi Arabia. And you would have expected in the old days there would have been at least one American company among those [that] were awarded contracts. Not true.

There are similar things that can be said on the security front. Tom referred to the Gulf War, which I would agree was the high point, and the aftermath in which the military relationship really began to go into a downturn. The U.S. was not always the best tenant at some of the military bases. And as you will have noted, at the end of the invasion of Iraq, the U.S. very quickly withdrew all of its operational forces from Saudi Arabia and relocated them to other places in the Gulf, especially in Qatar. So there is no operational U.S. military presence in Saudi Arabia anymore.

The Cold War, of course, is over. That's not news to anybody. But it was a very important commonality between the two countries. There was not an identity of views, but a parallel of views. The Saudis were opposed to godless communism, and the United States was opposed to the Soviet menace, and we made common cause very successfully.

So these three legs I would say today are all missing. What does that leave us with? I think, in an ironic way, perhaps more than anything else, the war against terrorism. That's an area of common ground that's important to both of us, and I think there is a great deal of cooperation at the official level. But on the personal side, it's not percolating downward, so there is a problem underneath it.

PETER MANDAVILLE: For many years there was a deeply enmeshed, close relationship between professionals in all sectors in the United States and the Saudi government. Saudis no longer rely on American engineers, American management know-how. Over several generations, a very high level of Saudi managerial competency has been achieved, and increasingly there is not the reliance on American know-how.

Thomas Lippman:
"IT'S FAIR TO SAY THAT THERE'S NO ASPECT OF LIFE IN SAUDI ARABIA TODAY, OTHER THAN RELIGION, THAT HASN'T BEEN PROFOUNDLY AND DIRECTLY IMPACTED BY THE RELATIONSHIP WITH AMERICA, AMERICANS AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS."

But when we go down beyond the fairly narrow band of Saudis who have had the benefit of that kind of training and exposure, there is a huge mass population whose role in this whole situation is not quite clear to them. It used to be the case, for example, that any Saudi citizen that graduated from [a] university was guaranteed a job in the government bureaucracy. By the 1990s, that government bureaucracy had swollen to such levels that salaries simply could not be sustained, and so this program was broken off. Subsidies were reduced. Taxes on things appeared. For the first time you had a serious unemployment rate in Saudi Arabia and a lot of people who wanted to start asking questions about the rules of the game, but who had no meaningful spaces in which they could do so. Public life in the form of open journalism, voluntary association, was not present. And so you had the burgeoning at that time of a fairly small but thriving underground political community [that] turned toward Islam as a mobilizing discourse, as a vocabulary of resistance against what was increasingly seen as unjust rule by the royal family.

The royal family began to realize that there would have to be some loosening; certain spaces in which voices previously wholly excluded from politics could be heard would have to be created. And [they] began to have experiments in that direction, not only ... with the Majlis al-Shoura, but in the notion of a national dialogue, moves toward implementing local-level elections and slowly, at a very gradual rate, the opening up of spaces in which Saudi citizens would have the opportunity to put forward views [concerning] the direction of the country.

Then ... 9/11 happens, and you have the ... iconic fact of 15 of 19 hijackers being Saudi citizens, this really becomes a fundamentally pathological problem. Fifteen of 19 hijackers. Why? Because it's a brilliant tactical move on the part of [Osama] bin Laden.

Clearly the rules of the game are changing, and there has to be some sort of a renegotiation in how that works. How can the United States help Saudi Arabia to manage that transformation most effectively and in a way that preserves and protects U.S. interests in the region and in the world? To me, the question comes down to how ... the United States can help Saudi citizens ... have some sense of stakeholding in the relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia.

MODERATOR: We've heard more or less that in every arena, save religion, that change has been the order of the day in Saudi Arabia. Does this narrative square with your understanding of the state of the U.S.-Saudi Arabian relationship and with events as they stand on the ground in Saudi Arabia?

LEON WIESELTIER: That's a trick question. Only a fool would deny the importance of strategic necessity in the formulation of foreign policy. This doesn't make you a realist, it makes you a rational individual. Only a fool would have denied the strategic necessity of the American policy during the Cold War and of the alliances that the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States formed during the Cold War, if you will, for pragmatic or practical or strategic reasons. The Cold War is over, and only a fool would deny the significance of strategic necessity in the world after Sept. 11. Again, the stakes have suddenly been raised dramatically ... and there are reasons why the United States, even in its most justified moments of petulance ... cannot simply mistake unrestrained Saudi-bashing for a foreign policy.

There is the danger of bin Ladenism ... mainly to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. There is no doubt that if bin Laden or bin Ladenism were one day, God forbid, to take over the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, it would be a world historical catastrophe; a catastrophe not just for the Saudis, but also for the United States and the region. And it would have an absolutely incendiary impact upon other regions of the world as well. So ... it is a matter of elementary common sense for the United States to engage in serious cooperation with the Saudis in these matters.

After Sept. 11 it is, and rightly so, I believe, one of the pillars of American foreign policy to promote democratization around the world. I think that the president has got it essentially right when he believes that freedom is not just a matter of American morality, but also a matter of American security.

When I hear my colleagues talk about the importance of gradualism in the transformation of Saudi Arabia, about getting rid of talk about democracy and fearing the big "D" word; when I hear of Islam as a mobilizing discourse, I have to tell you that as a historian of religion and of the secularization of the West, certain thoughts immediately come to mind. The main one is this: The Western experience — and I understand that Islamic societies may choose to conceive a different model of modernization and secularization.

There is, in fact, an experiment going on in East Asia, which in some way may be viewed as an experiment in a different kind of model, in a non-Western model of political liberalization. So, if the East Asian model is an experiment in the possibility of economic liberalization that would not entail political liberalization, it may be that there will emerge in Saudi Arabia an alternative non-Western model in political liberalization that will not entail religious liberalization. But I have to tell you that based on my own limited understanding of these terms, I have to warn you that such a thing is most likely not possible. As far as I can tell, it has never been possible for a society to modernize itself and to secularize itself without experiencing a rupture in itself, without a genuine experience of social and cultural pain.

Now the modernization and the secularization of the West was a process that took place over 300 years. It was not a pleasant process. Books were burned, people were burned, hundreds of thousands — and eventually millions — of innocent people were destroyed in the response to these processes. Westerners too often are very complacent about the liberties and the political ideologies that we have. They act as if the day after [Saint] Thomas Aquinas died [19th century liberal writer] John Stuart Mill was born, and everything was fine there-

Leon Wieseltier:

"THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT IF BIN LADEN OR BIN LADENISM WERE ONE DAY, GOD FORBID, TO TAKE OVER THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA, IT WOULD BE A WORLD HISTORICAL CATASTROPHE."

after. This is, to put it mildly, not how it happened. And the Western liberal way of life is now so firmly entrenched in the West that we in the West have actually forgotten its history and the very painful character of its origins.

But I warn you that when I hear phrases like "Islamic liberalism" or "Islamic democracy," the adjective makes me nervous, because Islamic liberalism to me sounds like "Islamic algebra" or "Islamic physics." There is no such thing. There is only physics. There is only algebra. There is only democracy.

LIPPMAN: The debate about democratization is a real one and a necessary one, but the debate about democratization should be a debate about means and not about ends. In other words, it is not at all clear what the best way [is] for a society to democratize itself. [The United States] cannot do the work of another society for itself, and in fact every society has the right, if you will, the God-given right, to fight it out amongst itself. We had a Civil War that was essentially the delayed war of our Constitution. We waited 75 years to massacre each other to figure out how exactly who we were. Other societies have gone through similar convulsions.

MODERATOR: Now that we're talking about means and specifically democratization, and given that the Bush team has enshrined democracy promotion in official policy — in word if not deed — is there any evidence that as things stand now that in bilateral negotiations or meetings at the U.S. embassy in Saudi Arabia, putting aside the Religious Freedom Act, that the question of democratization actually plays any role whatsoever in U.S.-Saudi relations today?

LIPPMAN: The Saudis know perfectly well what Americans think about how society should be structured. Except in the general philosophical sense, the Saudis are not amenable to input from us on this topic. And perhaps they should be, but they're not. And especially in the current sort of overheated environment of anti-American sentiment in the society, I think there's a different way to look at it.

The internal sort of philosophical cultural debate [has] begun in earnest in Saudi Arabia, not because we wish it to, but because it's human nature. We tend to assume that as human societies anywhere ... modernize in a technical and material sense, they will distance themselves willy-nilly from the tribal or village or cultural or religious ... traditions with which they grew up.

I don't believe in Saudi Arabia that that's necessarily true. My sense is that, in the face of the most overwhelming, breathtaking physical transformation that any human society has gone through in such a compressed time, a lot of people in Saudi Arabia ... tend to re-embrace Islam as a sort of social, cultural and even, you might say, political anchor against which they want to defend who they are and how they think about life and society.

MODERATOR: Jim, would you like to jump in on that?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLACKE: My contacts with Saudi Arabia go back about 35 years. And I ... spent some time there in the American embassy in the period that we've decided was the peak of the U.S.-Saudi relationship in the early 1980s.

The day that the armistice ... was signed by the U.S.-led coalition and Saddam Hussein's military leadership at the end of the first Gulf War in 1991, I arrived in Jeddah, and got off the plane and had a most astonishing experience. I had never, ever in the course of the three years I was there as a representative of the United States, had a serious political discussion about Saudi politics with Saudis. But from the time I got off the plane until I left, I didn't have anything else. That's all the Saudis wanted to talk about was political change.

A lot of this ... was submerged again for a time. But ... it's definitely resurfacing, and there is a mood of change — if not democratization, at least participation in government. Taxes have been mentioned. [Saudis] want a voice in how the money is spent; they want to know where it's going. And without that, which so far the government has not been prepared to concede, there won't be taxes. It's just another element of a really fundamental and very widespread debate. I don't know where it's going to go either, but the process is well underway.

MODERATOR: Leon, just one final question. Do you think there is really no role for America to play in furthering this dialogue? Where do you fall on that question?

WIESELTIER: Of course I think the United States should have a role. It should be an objective of American foreign policy to encourage, respectfully, but firmly, the democratizers or stirrings of pluralism or openness in closed societies that are vital to our interests. But I think that democracy cannot be imposed in the way that peace cannot be imposed from — externally.

(Moderator turns to the audience for questions)

QUESTION: You've talked about a world historical disaster if bin Ladenism took over. There's also been discussion of managing the relationship. But my concern is Iraq and how that affects us, because if you have Saudis looking at pictures of Abu Ghraib, or what I saw in *The Washington Post* of American soldiers with their boots on walking on rugs in mosques and then executing a wounded Iraqi, that greatly complicates the ability of American diplomats to function. How can we have credibility when our public opinion polls in Saudi Arabia are at an all-time low? What about our part in undermining the very kinds of things we're trying to accomplish?

PLACKE: I think the Saudi government was quite clear ... during the U.S. preparations for the invasion [of Iraq] that they thought this was a distinctly bad idea and that there were better ways to handle the situation. But that's all history.

Indeed, there are consequences for Saudi Arabia. I think Saudi Arabia is simply going to wait to see how Iraq pans out. If the White House view prevails and we have a genuine democracy in Iraq, that will have some political resonance in Saudi Arabia as well.

Peter Mandaville:
"I THINK IT'S POLITICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR SAUDI ARABIA TO BE OPENLY ENGAGED [IN IRAQ]."

LIPPMAN: The country that's the most active in Iraq is not Saudi Arabia, but Iran. That's the great irony of what Bush did, taking down one point of the "Axis of Evil" was to greatly strengthen another one.

MANDAVILLE: I think it's politically impossible for Saudi Arabia to be openly engaged [in Iraq]. My sense is that what happened is that Saudi Arabia said, quietly, "OK, we'll give you the logistical support and perhaps something more substantial ... that [you'll] need to execute this military operation. After that, we're going to pretend as if nothing is going on up there, because if our population is put in a place where it can see us as colluding in the American occupation of another Arab country, that is going to exacerbate the tensions that are lying just below the surface."

QUESTION: What can the United States do, or what should we be doing, to have a more sensitive approach to how our policies are affecting the average person?

MANDAVILLE: Your question gets to the heart of the fact that there is no sense in which the United States is going to, in a credible way, be able to talk about values, such as democracy, open societies and liberalism, without a fundamental change in the tenor of its conduct in and toward the Middle East.

My colleagues in Middle East studies [believe] they've been pointing this out for decades and decades and the message just doesn't seem to get through in Washington. You can't go around talking about freedom, liberty, openness [and] democracy, and simultaneously pursue foreign policies in these countries that run right up against the grain.

Public diplomacy, in my view, right now is being used too often as an excuse to not actually, fundamentally deal with the problems of foreign policies themselves. And I think you're absolutely right, if you want there to be a meaningful embrace of the values of openness, liberty and democracy, the example that the United States sets in its foreign policy in the Arab world has been absolutely abysmal.

MODERATOR: I think we have some kind of agreement that there is some kind of ... transformation occurring in Saudi Arabia; that moreover, that transformation is occurring rather gradually, but that it need occur; and finally, that America's role in this process, like it or not, will be a minimal one.

To view the complete transcript from the event online go to:
http://tnr.com/panel/panel_saudi_future.mhtml

SPONSORED BY

THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA
Allies Against Terrorism
www.saudiembassy.net

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy wrested away from Wallace supporters. It created friction within the NAACP. And it divided the ACLU, which split apart in 1951, with anti-communists controlling the organization and non-communists leaving to form the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

But, most important, the conflict played out in the labor movement. In 1946, the CIO, which had long included communist-dominated affiliates, began to move against them. Over fierce communist opposition, the CIO endorsed the Marshall Plan, Truman's reelection bid, and the formation of NATO. And, in 1949, the Organization's executive board expelled eleven unions. As Mary Sperling McAuliffe notes in her book *Crisis on the Left: Cold War Politics and American Liberals, 1947–1954*, while some of the expelled affiliates were openly communist, others were expelled merely for refusing to declare themselves anti-communist, a sharp contrast from the Popular Front mentality that governed MoveOn's opposition to the Iraq war.

Softs attacked the CIO's action as McCarthyite, but it eliminated any doubt about the American labor movement's commitment to the anti-communist cause. And that commitment became a key part of cold war foreign policy. Already in 1944, the CIO's more conservative rival, the American Federation of Labor (AFL) had created the Free Trade Union Committee (FTUC), which worked to build an anti-totalitarian labor movement around the world. Between 1947 and 1948, the FTUC helped create an alternative to the communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor in France. It helped socialist trade unionists distribute anti-communist literature in Germany's Soviet-controlled zone. And it helped anti-communists take control of the Confederation of Labor in Greece. By the early '60s, the newly merged AFL-CIO was assisting anti-communists in the Third World as well, with the American Institute for Free Labor Development training 30,000 Latin American trade unionists in courses "with a particular emphasis on the theme of democracy versus totalitarianism." And the AFL-CIO was spending a remarkable 20 percent of its budget on foreign programs. In 1969, Ronald Radosh could remark in his book, *American Labor and United States Foreign Policy*, on the "total absorption of American labor leaders in the ideology of Cold War liberalism."

That absorption mattered. It created a constituency, deep in the grassroots of the Democratic Party, for the marriage between social justice at home and aggressive anti-communism abroad. Today, however, the U.S. labor movement is largely disconnected from the war against totalitarian Islam, even though independent, liberal-minded unions are an important part of the battle against dictatorship and fanaticism in the Muslim world.

The fight against the Soviet Union was an easier fit, of course, since the unions had seen communism up close. And today's AFL-CIO is not about to purge member unions that ignore national security. But, if elements within American labor threw themselves into the movement for reform in the Muslim world, they would create a base of support for Democrats who put winning the war on terrorism at the center of their campaigns. The same is true for feminist groups, for whom the rights of Muslim women are a natural concern. If these organizations judged candidates on their commitment to promoting liberalism in the Muslim world, and not merely on their commitment to international family planning, they too would subtly shift the Democratic Party's national security image. Challenging the "doughface" feminists who opposed the Afghan war and those labor unionists with a knee-jerk suspicion of U.S. power might produce bitter internal conflict. And doing so is harder today because liberals don't have a sympathetic White House to enact liberal anti-totalitarianism policies. But, unless liberals stop glossing over fundamental differences in the name of unity, they never will.

Obviously, Al Qaeda and the Soviet Union are not the same. The USSR was a totalitarian superpower; Al Qaeda merely espouses a totalitarian ideology, which has had mercifully little access to the instruments of state power. Communism was more culturally familiar, which provided greater opportunities for domestic subversion but also meant that the United States could more easily mount an ideological response. The peoples of the contemporary Muslim world are far more cynical than the peoples of cold war Eastern Europe about U.S. intentions, though they still yearn for the freedoms the United States embodies.

But, despite these differences, Islamist totalitarianism—like Soviet totalitarianism before it—threatens the United States and the aspirations of millions across the world. And, as long as that threat remains, defeating it must be liberalism's north star. Methods for defeating totalitarian Islam are a legitimate topic of internal liberal debate. But the centrality of the effort is not. The recognition that liberals face an external enemy more grave, and more illiberal, than George W. Bush should be the litmus test of a decent left.

Today, the war on terrorism is partially obscured by the war in Iraq, which has made liberals cynical about the purposes of U.S. power. But, even if Iraq is Vietnam, it no more obviates the war on terrorism than Vietnam obviated the battle against communism. Global jihad will be with us long after American troops stop dying in Falluja and Mosul. And thus, liberalism will rise or fall on whether it can become, again, what Schlesinger called "a fighting faith."

Of all the things contemporary liberals can learn from their forbearers half a century ago, perhaps the most important is that national security can be a calling. If the struggles for gay marriage and universal health care lay rightful claim to liberal idealism, so does the struggle to protect the United States by spreading freedom in the Muslim world. It, too, can provide the moral purpose for which a new generation of liberals yearn. As it did for the men and women who convened at the Willard Hotel. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Delicate Subjects

OF COURSE CONSERVATIVE groups are objecting to **KINSEY.** The objections are not only to the film but to the work that the film celebrates. One group said, "The truth is that Alfred Kinsey was instrumental in bringing about the widespread acceptance of perversity and immorality that exists today." Such statements from such sources would not have been surprising in any case, but the arrival of this film right after the presidential election, in which religious conservatives loomed large in Bush's victory, makes the opposition all the more predictable. Kinsey's two books about male and female sexual behavior caused storms on their appearance fifty years ago, not because of what they encouraged—a pro or con attitude was not involved—but because of what they revealed. Masters and Johnson, in their book *Human Sexual Response*, published in 1966, wrote: "Possibly history will record as Kinsey's greatest contribution the fact that his incredible effort actually enabled him to put his foot firmly in this door despite counterpressures that would have destroyed a lesser man."

KINSEY
(Fox Searchlight)

FINDING NEVERLAND
(Miramax)

Opposing the opposition to the film and agreeing with Masters and Johnson, I now have the uneasy job of questioning *Kinsey.* Bill Condon, who wrote the screenplay, also directed with agility, except for the sequences in which Kinsey's love of nature is made ultra-picturesque. Liam Neeson's performance of Kinsey is precisely the encompassed portrayal that we would expect from the man whose performance in *Schindler's List* is a fine example of actor's art. Here Neeson creates a Midwestern academic whose passion for research opens him to experience that he might not otherwise have dreamed possible. Laura Linney, already established as the real article, a true actress, gives the most interesting performance of a protagonist's helpmate that I can remember. Instead of the usual stock wifey, Linney presents a woman who understands what her husband is doing, shares daringly, suffers, and wins accordingly.

Condon's screenplay begins with a sequence, shot in black and white, in which Kinsey is training an interviewer for his project. Then, in color, we go back to the earlier Kinsey passionately collecting hundreds of thousands of wasps. This research leads, in a manner not quite clarified, to his research in sexual behavior, conducted through interviews. Condon handles these multiple sex interviews with adroit variations in pace and person. We see too how, because of his subject, Kinsey has to overcome troubles with his university and with foundations, and we also see how his knowledge of others' sexual lives affects his own and his wife's. When his books appear, they become, in two senses, sensational successes. To make sure that his work is seen as a beneficence, Condon provides a last interview with a middle-aged widow who tells Kinsey that his books gave her the courage to begin a wonderful lesbian life, and she kisses his hand in gratitude.

Yet throughout the film a question tugs at the viewer. Kinsey's work was inarguably important, but his life is not especially interesting. Aside from the glimpses of his boudoir, his story is the more or less conventional struggle of a scientist for knowledge and for the funding to make research possible. Of all the scientists who have helped us, why did Condon choose Kinsey? Why didn't Condon make a film about Alexander Fleming, whose discovery of penicillin has saved uncountable lives? Or about Guglielmo Marconi, whose invention of the wireless led to the present-day communicating world? These questions hardly need answering. The Kinsey story gave the film-makers the right to use words and show actions that might otherwise still be risky. Under the closing credits Condon provides numerous clips of animals and birds copulating. Are these clips supposed to be thematically affirming? Are they meant to emphasize our union with the natural world that Kinsey loves? Or does the film simply seize the chance to slip these shots in under the Kinsey signet?

Anyway, a viewer who despises the automatic conservative opposition to this film has these concerns about it.

The makers of **FINDING NEVERLAND,** which is about James Matthew Barrie, probably did not figure that their film has some relationship to *Kinsey.* This is the story of Barrie's meeting and playing with four young brothers in Kensington Gardens in 1903, and his close friendship with them and their mother, all of which led eventually to the writing of *Peter Pan.* David Magee's screenplay adjusts some details: there were in fact five brothers, and their father, said here to have died, was still on the premises. Still, the story as given, allowing for the bends and circuits of filmmaking, is passably accurate. But it is only the surface.

Barrie, when he met the boys, had been married for nine years. Throughout the picture, his wife, played by Radha Mitchell, implies a vacancy in their marriage. The Barries were divorced in 1909, and as A. S. Byatt writes, "It was widely believed that the marriage . . . was never consummated." So we have here the story of a man, probably incapable of having children, who, in a non-legal sense, adopts four boys. Their father has been removed from the scene so that Barrie's completely asexual friendship with their attractive mother can seem all the more odd. Sordid-minded, I couldn't help wondering what Kinsey would have made of the story underneath all the jolly games of pirates and adventure that Barrie fostered with the boys.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

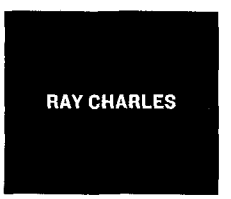
None of this is to malign Barrie's talent, which at times—in *Peter Pan*, especially—hovered around genius. *Peter Pan* is to drama what *Alice in Wonderland* is to literature: a work that enchants children and keeps its hold through life. But this film about Barrie and his play is dismal and heavy, and the failure rests chiefly with Johnny Depp, who plays Barrie. Depp's talent and versatility are known, but, quite apart from having no physical resemblance, he catches nothing of the small Scotsman who was by all accounts whimsically charming and especially warm with children. (His thin Scottish accent doesn't help.) When Depp joins the four boys in their rambles through Kensington Gardens, he looks like a clumsy intruder. The high-spirited communion that sparked Barrie's play simply doesn't occur, so the core of the film is missing. Besides, the four boys are not particularly appealing.

Kate Winslet, as the boys' mother, graces the film but doesn't have much chance to do more than that. Dustin Hoffman moves colorfully through as Charles Frohman, the American producer who was active in London and who was Barrie's staunch supporter. Magee's screenplay makes nothing of the extraordinary friendship that developed between this entrepreneurial New York Jew and this reserved Scot.

Postscript, irrelevant to the film: Frohman went down on the *Lusitania* in 1915. Barrie, among his responses, saw to it that a memorial plaque was put on the wall next to Frohman's table in the Savoy Grill Room. ■

DAVID HAJDU ON MUSIC
Unchained Heart

IN MARCH 1962, ATCO RECORDS issued a harbinger of this winter's movie season: the album *Bobby Darin Sings Ray Charles*, in which one of two popular singers famous for crossing multiple genre lines paid homage to the other. Hollywood has now delivered Jamie Foxx as Charles in Taylor Hackford's screen biography, *Ray* (which was called *Unchain My Heart* prior to its release), soon to be followed by Kevin Spacey in a self-directed Darin bio called *Beyond the Sea* (which probably should be re-titled *Bobby*). In the former, we see Charles, early in his career, imitating both Nat "King" Cole and the suave blues singer Charles Brown. "I can mimic anybody I hear," he explains in the film. Of course, Ray Charles found a genuinely distinctive and profoundly influential voice of his own, and he employed it to monumental effect for decades, as the absence of a record called *Ray Charles Sings Bobby Darin* reminds us. When Darin took up rock and roll, abandoned it for swing, and then dropped that for folk and country, he subordinated himself to each type of music; he shrank to fit every style he tried. Charles, by contrast, drew from all those genres and others, subsuming them into his own musical personality; he grew with every genre he absorbed.


RAY CHARLES

The muscular and sensual music of Ray Charles is in the air again, in part because of the new movie and all the talk about Foxx's uncanny performance, and also because Charles's last album, *Genius Loves Company*, a collection of duets with contemporary pop stars and other big-name singers released not long after Charles's death from liver disease this June, proved to have enough of the intended crossover appeal to become a bigger hit than Charles had had in many years. Suddenly nostalgic for Charles, I recently bought a small pile of CD re-issues of his early albums on Atlantic, which I had only on vinyl LP. (Some of his best output, recorded for ABC Records between 1960 and 1973, is not available on CD; Charles retained ownership of the masters and always focused on touring and making new recordings, rather than on his past work.) "He's really popular lately," the thirtyish man at the checkout counter said as he rang up my sale. Noticing that one of the CDs in the stack was titled *The Genius of Ray Charles*, he asked earnestly, "Is that true? Was he really a genius?"

IF THE ATLANTIC MARKETING people were the first to say so, no one except Charles himself ever came forth to argue otherwise. Frank Sinatra called Ray Charles "the only true genius in our business" and demonstrated his admiration by emulating Charles on the gutsier recordings he started making in the mid-1960s. If not for Charles, we would surely not have "That's Life" and its ilk. (Whatever the merits of that music, it is striking for Charles's effect on the generally impenetrable Sinatra.) Nor would we have the countless rock artists, from Mick Jagger to Bruce Springsteen, who have aimed to convey an earthy authenticity by singing in a raw, volatile growl. Nor, arguably, would we have the very art of soul music, which Ray Charles virtually invented by combining traditional gospel music with postwar rhythm and blues.

Charles, who had been raised in merciless poverty in the rural South, would always take pride in his status as "raw-ass country." He was far too humble about his musical achievements and uncomfortable with his longtime sobriquet. As he told David Ritz, the co-author of his memoir, *Brother Ray: Ray Charles' Own Story*, which appeared in 1978, "I never came up with that 'genius' tag. Someone else did. I don't like the genius business. It's not me. Erroll Garner was a genius. Art Tatum. Oscar Peterson. Charlie Parker. Artie Shaw. Dizzy [Gillespie] was the genius.... I learned it all from others."

Before he went blind at the age of seven (from an undiagnosed disease that he later believed was glaucoma), Charles had had a bit of musical coaching from a boogie-woogie piano player who ran an all-purpose shop near his saltbox house in the backwoods of northern Florida. His sole formal training came at the state-run St. Augustine School for the Deaf and the Blind, where he learned to read and to write music in Braille and to play classical studies on the piano and the clarinet. Upon the death of his mother when he was fifteen, Charles quit school and started pursuing work as a jazz pianist. After a few years of apprenticeship, he headed for the city by bus, making Seattle his destination of choice because it was the farthest city from his hometown in the continental United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the pianists Charles said he admired most—Garner, Tatum, and Peterson—had (and still have, in Peterson's case) an orchestral approach to the keyboard. Their conceptions are epic, layered with ornament and intensely dynamic. That's not the way Charles played (at least not on record, nor in his known performances); to the contrary, he was a forceful but disciplined pianist who tended to limit himself to laying down a rhythmic foundation for his own vocals. His contrapuntal work was mainly chordal, and the obbligato lines that he would play were imaginative but sparse, like those of Nat Cole or Hank Jones. Even on instrumentals, such as "Doodlin'" and "'Deed I Do" on his non-vocal jazz albums, Charles played with the discretion of a sympathetic accompanist.

IT'S HIS SINGING THAT WAS ORCHESTRAL. The proof of Charles's genius lies not in the breadth of his influence but in the depth of his music, and he was a singer of almost otherworldly originality and emotive power. His phrasing was naturalistic and seemingly spontaneous, yet the lyrics invariably swung to a pulse. Verses exploded with surprise: he might stop dead and then whisper a few words or break into a whoop. Apparently lost in ecstasy, he would burst into a giddy falsetto or interject a conspiratorial aside: "Looky here...." Although the gravelly texture of his voice is immediately recognizable and has been widely imitated, he could conjure a considerable range of timbres, and he used them commandingly, often playfully. On his familiar rendition of "America the Beautiful," from 1972, he begins the second chorus like a choirboy, crooning in a sweet tenor, and then appears to change characters: now a preacher, he hurls out the words in fiery bursts.

Charles's vocal intonation was so complex and nuanced that he could make a world out of a note. He rarely sang any note dead on pitch, but preferred to work in shades of microtones around the center. Often he would sing near the top end of notes—almost sharp but not quite, to conjure a sense of yearning or, when he pushed the effect, a feeling of teetering on the emotional brink. At other times he would hang toward the bottom of a note to evoke melancholy or to set the listener up for a subtly uplifting glissando at the end of a phrase.

One of the secrets of Charles's potency as a singer is the extraordinary sensitivity underlying the powerhouse surface of his presentation. A brawny, square-jawed man from the back country with a rough-hewn voice, Charles was also a person of delicate temperament, prone to crying jags. He generally drank milk because his stomach was too sensitive to tolerate tap water. "I know that men ain't supposed to cry, but I think that's wrong," he said in his book. "Crying's always been a way for me to get things out which are buried deep, deep down. When I sing, I often cry. Crying is feeling, and feeling is only human. Oh yes, I cry." When, in 1979, the state of Georgia proclaimed his recording of Hoagy Carmichael's "Georgia on My Mind" the official state song, Charles stood in the chamber of the state legislature and bawled. "I felt kind of stupid standing there crying," Charles later recalled, "but I couldn't help it."

The same unfettered emotionality permeates his music, not only ballads such as "What'll I Do," "You Don't Know Me," and "Born to Lose," but also many up-tempo numbers such as "Just for a Thrill" and "Let the Good Times Roll," which have something—a gentleness at their heart—that prevents their essential bravura from seeming overly aggressive. Country singers such as George Jones and Italian-American crooners such as Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett share this counter-balancing combination of conspicuous tenderness and conspicuous toughness, though few, perhaps none, to the extremes of Ray Charles.

The tension between elements in opposition also informs Charles's lasting creation as a composer and arranger: the union of sacred music and carnal sensibility that came to be known as soul music. An interpretive artist by inclination, Charles became a songwriter (of sorts) by necessity when, in the early 1950s, he began recording in earnest and had trouble finding material that suited his impulses. (Bob Dylan, about a decade later, took up songwriting for a similar reason: as he once observed, no one else was creating the kind of songs he wanted to sing.) Charles, who recalled the fervor of gospel music from his youth, sought a musical vehicle with the capacity to express the roiling passions of adulthood, and decided to adapt the former to the latter purpose. (Thomas A. Dorsey, the father of gospel music, composed bawdy secular songs as well as hymns, but his two sets of works are largely unrelated, musically and lyrically.) Charles took gospel pieces, presumably in the public domain, and modified the lyrics: "This Little Light of Mine" became "This Little Girl of Mine"; "Talkin' 'Bout Jesus" became "Talkin' 'Bout You"; "You Better Leave That Liar Alone" became "You Better Leave That Woman Alone," and so forth. Even "What'd I Say" and "Hit the Road, Jack," while not derived from specific sacred tunes, drew expressly upon the call-and-response tradition of the gospel style.

Charles's method offended traditionalists, including the blues singer Big Bill Broonzy, who groused that "he's mixing the blues with spirituals. I know that's wrong.... He should be singing in church." Some radio stations banned "What'd I Say" for the sexual suggestion in Charles's groans, but the music rang true because it was utterly true to its singer, who was far more interested in matters of the flesh than in matters of the spirit. It carried no ethical compromise for Charles. "If Mama gave me religion, the religion said, 'Believe in yourself,'" he told David Ritz. "Jesus was Jewish, and if he couldn't convince his own people he was the messiah, why should I be convinced?" The musical amalgam that Charles created had the passion of gospel, but no piety—indeed, no reverence for anything but the earthliest sort of love. In this regard, it was an inspiration to generations of soul singers profoundly concerned with the body, from Marvin Gaye (who, shortly before he died, composed a song called "Sanctified Pussy") to Prince (who has conflated the divine with the hardcore throughout his career).

Concrete Poem

After the still small voice,
a noise.
And after the noise,
a still small voice.
And after it, a noise.
And after it, a still small voice.
And after the still small voice,
a noise.
Discard the rest.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

—translated from the Hebrew by Leon Wieseltier

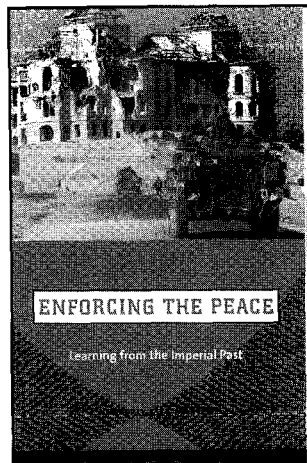
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE 1950S, FEW AFRICAN American men dared to present the overtly sexual package that Charles offered to black and white men and women. Billy Eckstine, the boyishly handsome singer and bandleader who had outdrawn Sinatra at the Paramount and outsold him on records for a time, was nearly banished from show business in 1949 after a photograph in *Life* magazine showed him surrounded by worshipful fans—all of them young white females. (Prior to Charles and Eckstine, most African American singers who appealed to white audiences survived by playing "cute," like Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller, or exuded the sex appeal of a Sunday-school teacher, like Nat Cole; either way, they appeared unthreatening to women of any color.) Charles prevailed, no doubt, because of his blindness; his Ray-Bans shielded him. Had he had the same chiseled good looks, swayed his body in time with the same intensity, sung the same licentious songs, *and* made eye contact with the white women in his audiences, his obituaries might have been published fifty years sooner.

Oddly, though, the dark-glass barrier between Charles's eyes and ours always made the experience of seeing him uncommonly intimate. We are accustomed to watching performers' eyes for innumerable signals. How can we tell what the person is thinking and feeling when the window to the soul is closed? We turn to the body. I saw Charles in concert half a dozen times, once from the distance of a few feet at the Blue Note in New York. My memories are of his shoulders, bobbing from side to side; his hands and arms, locked in place as he blocked chords on the piano; and his right leg, kicking out from under the piano in time. Rarely does one attend so closely to the body of someone other than a lover, apart from when watching dance performances (during which one can also see the dancers' eyes).

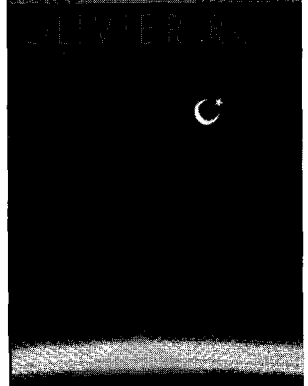
Charles ended up having two careers: one prior to his arrest in Boston in 1964 for heroin possession, and one beginning the following year, when he voluntarily detoxed in a Los Angeles hospital. To acknowledge the higher level of innovation and greater vitality in the first period is neither to endorse hard drugs nor to deny the occasional spikes of glory in Charles's last four decades. His commercials for both Coke and Pepsi ("Uh huh") were delightful; his uncharacteristically

Behind the **Headlines**



Enforcing the Peace
Learning from the Imperial Past
Kimberly Zisk Marten
$27.95

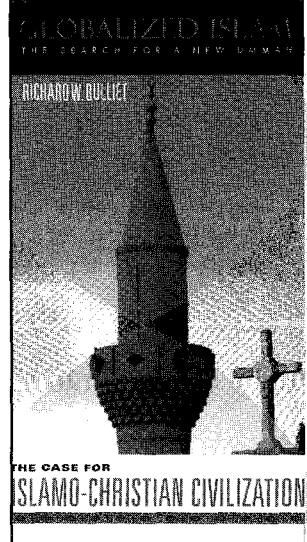
"Marten's new book should be at the center of our learning and thinking about the facts and the policy process. This is a very important book."—Leslie Gelb, president emeritus of the Council on Foreign Relations



Globalized Islam
The Search for a New Ummah
Olivier Roy
$29.50

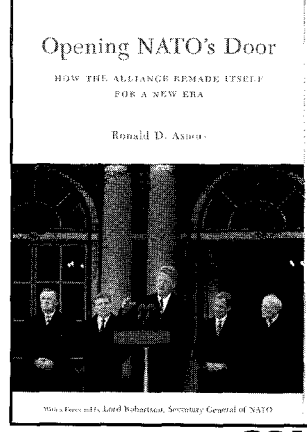
Roy provides a detailed analysis of Islamic neofundamentalism as both a product and an agent of globalization.

"High-octane brainwork...a large and highly intelligent contribution."—*The Economist*



The Case for Islamo-Christian Civilization
Richard W. Bulliet
$24.50

"As Bulliet writes...there is a far better case for 'Islamo-Christian civilization' than there is for a clash of civilizations."—*Washington Monthly*



New in paperback
Opening NATO's Door
How the Alliance Remade Itself for a New Era
Ronald D. Asmus
Foreword by Lord Robertson, secretary general of NATO
$19.50

"Asmus shares his ringside seat with his readers, which can be most informative, and great fun."—*Washington Post*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
columbia.edu/cu/cup 800-944-8648

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lugubrious reading of "America the Beautiful" at the Republican Convention in 1984 was less so. His recording of *Porgy and Bess* with Cleo Laine in 1976 had enough fine moments—particularly Charles's singing on "Summertime"—to excuse the project's mimicry of the landmark Louis Armstrong–Ella Fitzgerald version. Five of the six country albums that he made in the 1980s are embarrassments, though the one of duets with George Jones, Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, and others is spirited and shows Charles in far stronger form than *Genius Loves Company*.

As for the new album, Charles's whispered good-bye from behind the shadows of some friends (and some lessers), it has a couple of lovely, poignant tracks: "Sinner's Prayer," a salty blues Charles used to do fifty years earlier, which he and B.B. King pull off with old-rascal wile; and "It Was a Very Good Year," Ervin Drake's bittersweet lament to aging, done with Willie Nelson, who sounds more than ever as if he were singing to himself in his car. Last works are often just occasions for mourning, beyond the scope of criticism, and in this instance I say so be it. Ray Charles made two hundred fifty other recordings, and they are much more than relics. ■

JED PERL ON ART

Bookings

READING IS AN INTIMATE act. When we hold a book, we take possession of the words—with our hands and our eyes as well as with our mind. And when the book is an art book, we take possession not only of words but also of images. Of course, the images in art books are secondhand, because the startling immediacy of the painting or the sculpture has been diluted by the photographer's lens and the printer's ink. But we know this before we pick up an art book (we are not quite the victims of mechanical reproduction that Walter Benjamin feared we would become). And reproductions have their advantages, for we can strike up an easygoing acquaintance with them, which can in turn give us a yearning for the deeper, less readily contained experiences that we have with works of art in galleries and museums.

Or so I felt as I went through a raft of recent books dealing with the visual arts. A part of what is most satisfying in this season's fare is the appearance of some volumes of relatively modest dimensions, which manage nevertheless to suggest the wildest reaches of artistic experience. Some of the most interesting new art books actually contain relatively few reproductions. And some of the best picture books suggest a break with the coffee-table behemoths; they are books you can hold easily, as you would a novel.

A small book that weaves a big spell is **MATISSE AT VILLA LE RÊVE** (Thames and Hudson, $24.95). This invitingly designed volume is built around a group of photographs that Hélène Adant took of Matisse and his studio in the 1940s, when he was working on his last cycle of paintings, the boldly scaled interiors in which he unites the weighted color of Western painting with a brusque calligraphic approach that we tend to associate with Asia. Matisse's work in this period—which led to the paper cutouts of his final years—remains less well understood than his achievements both before and after. The simplifications here are among Matisse's most audacious, and as I turn from his paintings to Adant's photographs of the furnishings that are the motifs in these last interiors, it is apparent that for this great draftsman there is no longer any distinction between a notation and a summation. When Matisse draws a table or a vase or a flower, it is both noun and verb—an object unto itself and an actor in a drama. The book contains a wonderful series of photographs in which Matisse works on a study of the head of a Haitian model. She sits very close to him, smiling and talking, as he draws and erases and redraws in charcoal the supercharged arcs of her neck and forehead and nose and mouth and eyes. Matisse's lines have all the form-giving vehemence and velocity of a chisel cutting into stone.

The workings of the artist's hand are also front and center in new books on Rubens's oil sketches and on the paintings of Franz Kline, and in **FROM MIND, HEART, AND HAND** (Yale University Press, $60), which is devoted to the wealth of Persian, Turkish, and Indian drawings that Stuart Cary Welch has given to the Harvard museums. Welch, a curator at Harvard for half a century, sounds like the last of the Yankee aesthetes, and among the fascinations of this book are his own autobiographical writings. The drawings, mostly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works, have the delicacy and acuteness that we know from miniature painting but without the high color, so that these impressions of princes and elephants and flowers, at once feathery and adamantine, suggest a stern hedonism. **DRAWN BY THE BRUSH: OIL SKETCHES BY PETER PAUL RUBENS** (Yale University Press, $60) presents different calligraphic possibilities, as Rubens, with his pigment-laden brush, skirts the territory between drawing and painting, offering compositional speculations that are to some degree conceptual and provisional but nevertheless flesh out the colors and the textures of the world. Rubens's oil sketches are now among the most revered of his works, because they are open-ended in ways that appeal to a modern sensibility nurtured on the laid-bare expressionism of mid-twentieth-century abstraction.

FRANZ KLINE 1910–1962 (Skira, $85) offers an epitome of that skeletal expressionism. Kline's black-and-white abstractions are drawings in extremis, at once reduced and aggrandized, and if this artist is much less widely discussed today than he was during his lifetime, this volume may bring some people back to his work. There is certainly much to think about in a fine essay by Dore Ashton, who explores the guiding themes and associations in Kline's work (scale, romanticism, Asian influence) with the experienced, imperturbable eye of a flaneur who is taking one more walk through a beloved neighborhood in the city of art.

If Kline's stock has declined in the past forty years, Barnett Newman's has only risen since his death in 1970. One of the publishing events of the year is **BARNETT NEWMAN: A CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ** (Yale University Press, $200), a monumental volume with a slipcase that suggests a three-dimensional version of a painting in Newman's series *Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow, and Blue?* The ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pearance of a catalogue raisonné marks a turning point in the life of a reputation, and this one does Newman proud. His paintings, which are very difficult to reproduce, are given some weight and intensity in these fine large-format plates. Richard Shiff's monographic study traces Newman's imaginative progress across the landscape of mid-twentieth-century art. And even the driest aspects of this volume—the lists of exhibitions and bibliographical references attached to each work—can be read as short stories about the careers of certain canvases. There is a fascinating series of photographs of the likeably informal retrospective of Newman's work that was organized at Bennington College in 1958. And a complete list of the books in Newman's library at the time of his death is itself a pretty good read, at least for the bibliographically minded.

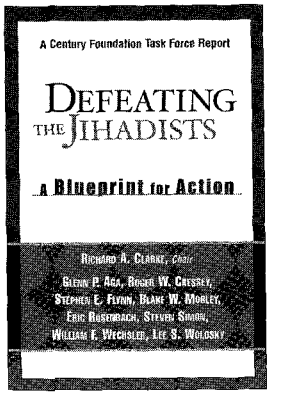
Newman's singular images were fueled by a complex imagination. While his work can feel imperious, he was himself a man of anarchist sympathies. (In the 1960s, he wrote an introduction to Kropotkin's memoirs.) Social change interested him nearly as much as artistic change. When the design for a synagogue that is included in this book was exhibited in "Recent American Synagogue Architecture," at the Jewish Museum in 1963, Newman wrote a statement focusing on the need to reconsider a woman's place in the synagogue, and create a space where "women are also there, as persons and not as wives and mothers." In Newman's synagogue, women are "out in the open, sitting not in any abstract connection with what takes place but as persons, distinct from their men, but in the full, clear light, where they can experience their identity as women of valor." There is a sense here of being in tradition without being hamstrung by tradition; and Newman's attitude is not unlike his approach to painting, which he celebrates as a human necessity while feeling utterly unfettered by most of what painting has traditionally been.

WHAT INTERESTED NEWman in the synagogue was an essential form that was open to fresh transformations, and, within a far smaller compass, we find a similar instance of variations within norms in **LUMINOUS ART: HANUKKAH MENORAHS OF THE JEWISH MUSEUM** (Yale University Press, $50). This collection, with most examples dating from the eighteenth century to the present, reveals the range of invention that is possible within a set of fairly simple parameters. The *shamash*, the "servant candle" used to kindle the eight lights, must be on a different level from those lights, while the eight lights must all be on the same level and arranged in such a way that each can be seen clearly and distinctly. Beyond these prescriptions, the craftsman's imagination can run wild, and this book is an elegant account of controlled fantasy, a romp through many decorative styles, with Judaism taking on the tincture of everything from the rococo to Art Deco. In some essential way, though, the menorah keeps evoking ancient forms, the oil lamp and the candelabra; and the candelabra, with its trunk and its arms, in turn suggests a tree or a human being, in much the way that Hans Ottomeyer, in an essay in **VASEMANIA: NEOCLASSICAL FORM AND ORNAMENT IN EUROPE** (Yale University Press, $45), points to the anthropomorphism of the vase, "constituted of basic parts with names derived from the human form: foot, neck, and handles, the

Winning the War on Terrorism

DEFEATING THE JIHADISTS
A BLUEPRINT FOR ACTION

A Century Foundation Task Force Report
by
RICHARD A. CLARKE,
GLENN P. AGA, ROGER W. CRESSEY,
STEPHEN E. FLYNN, BLAKE W. MOBLEY,
ERIC ROSENBACH, STEVEN SIMON, WILLIAM
F. WECHSLER, AND LEE S. WOLOSKY



"This is a small book with big implications. The message is straightforward. America has no time to waste. The threat is real. But unless we understand its nature, we will make it worse."

JAMES A. LEACH
Representative, Second Congressional District, IA
Member, House Committee on International Relations

TO ORDER, CALL 1-800-552-5450; in Washington, D.C., 202-797-6258
ISBN: 0-87078-491-9, 200 pages, paper, $14.95

THE CENTURY FOUNDATION
Headquarters: 41 East 70th Street, New York, New York 10021
Washington, D.C., Office: 1333 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005
212-535-4441 ◆ www.tcf.org ◆ www.homelandsec.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latter often set like arms onto the shoulders of the vessel's body." Ottomeyer points out that "this reversible metaphor was well known since antiquity. Cicero, for example, compared the human figure to a vase: 'for the body is like a vase and like the vessel of the soul.'" *Vasemania*, assembled from the wealth of works in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, contains objects in ceramic and silver as well as images of vases in paintings and prints and drawings, all of which circle around the Neoclassical passion for the nearly infinite complications—witty and fearsome, dainty and imposing—that can be wrested from this essentially simple form.

The classical verities of the vase are put through so many transformations that by the end of *Vasemania* we may see foreshadowings of classicism's decline in the eighteenth century's playful reverence for the past. This decline eventually led, by the mid-nineteenth century, to a re-alignment in the architectural and decorative arts, as the classical vocabulary lost its centrality, replaced by a burgeoning interest in forms that were derived directly from nature or from indigenous crafts traditions. **THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN EUROPE AND AMERICA** (Thames and Hudson, $60), published to accompany an exhibition opening at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, is an encyclopedic exploration of certain strands in the beginnings of modernity: an investigation of new forms in wood, ceramic, metal, glass, cloth, and printer's ink, and of new answers to the old question of what a chair or a table—or a vase—ought to look like. Something in the clean-lined layout and forceful presentation of this volume is true to the frankness of the new decorative arts, to their vehement colors, their unabashedly erotic contours, their naked honesty about the look and feel of wood, clay, and cloth.

THE FASCINATION OF AN ART Nouveau vase or an Arts and Crafts table can be double-headed, in that we enjoy, almost simultaneously, its formal qualities and its period perfume. This sort of doubleness also has a great deal to do with the fascination of photography, and in the case of certain photographers it is the period mood that holds us most of all. **SPIRIT INTO MATTER: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDMUND TESKE** (The J. Paul Getty Trust Publications, $40) is a fascinating look at a curious figure in Los Angeles's old bohemia, a photographer who from the 1930s to the 1970s worked in an increasingly melancholic, nostalgic mode, mingling erotic daydreams and the desideratum of urban life in solarized duotone prints that have a mysterious, coppery look. The work is full of impressions of a lost California—Frank Lloyd Wright's Hollyhock House in the 1940s, a youthful newspaper vendor in downtown Los Angeles, male nudes superimposed over the dramatic landscape of Mono Lake. And in Teske's photographs of Jim Morrison and the Doors, with their cracked, moody surfaces, even rock and roll takes on a smoky, fin-de-siècle allure.

Teske, like the New Orleans photographer Clarence John Laughlin, was a man whose techniques and sensibility suggest the pictorialist photography of 1900—a sensibility that he pursued deep into the century, even as photography moved toward an increasingly clean-lined, direct approach, which had its origins in the materiality of abstract painting and the informality of documentary and amateur photography. One of the signal events in this new sensibility was an exhibition mounted by Julien Levy at his gallery in New York in 1935, which brought together works by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, and Walker Evans under a rubric that is the title of a new book, **DOCUMENTARY AND ANTI-GRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHS** (Steidl, $35). The exact contents of Levy's show are unknown. But we do know what kind of work these three photographers were doing at the time, and for Bravo and Cartier-Bresson especially, photography suggested a clash between the formality of artistic thinking and the informality of the everyday, a clash that produced images whose qualities even their creators may have been hard-pressed to explain. Cartier-Bresson and Evans were journalists of the absurd and the nearly absurd. Evans, especially, was fascinated by vernacular photography, with its inadvertent poetry, and he might well have appreciated Rosamond B. Vaule's **AS WE WERE: AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTCARDS, 1905–1930** (David R. Godine, $45). This volume has the fluid layout of a scrapbook, and if some of the works—which show every aspect of American life and every kind of American—are of little more than documentary interest, every few pages there is an eloquence about a figure or a location or a composition that gives the ho-hum a lyrical lift.

Among Walker Evans's experiments with the everyday was a cycle of photographs that he took of subway riders between 1938 and 1941, using a camera hidden in his winter coat. These curious compositions were gathered years later in a book, **MANY ARE CALLED**, with a text by James Agee, which has now been reprinted (Yale University Press, $40). Here we see Evans not as the creator of compositions with a Cubist intricacy but as the Baudelairean skeptic who catches New Yorkers off guard, and occasionally grants them a haunted grandeur. It is this side of Evans that is echoed in the work of Robert Frank, whose more than half-century career is the subject of **STORY LINES: ROBERT FRANK** (Steidl, $40). We see here his studies of the streets of London and Paris around 1950, his travels through the United States that were collected in *The Americans*, his films (including *Cocksucker Blues*, with Mick Jagger), and finally the elliptical poetry of his collage photographs of recent years. There is a quietly nihilistic romanticism to everything that Frank has ever done—a feeling for life's rhapsodic highs and lows. In the work of the last decade or so, he has whittled his photographic means down to the bare minimum, and by drawing our attention to flowers on a windowsill or a shadow on a wall or some melting ice, he has found a way to linger on the most elusive moods—the drift of an hour and the vanishing of the day. These photographs, with their slowed-down rhythms and surprising accents, suggest a visual equivalent of Leonard Cohen's songs.

There are interesting parallels between Robert Frank and Rudy Burckhardt, who was a generation older. (Burckhardt died in 1999.) Both men were born in Switzerland, came of age in New York's downtown art circles, and have taken an interest in moving images as well as still ones. Burckhardt's photographs, collected in **RUDY BURCKHARDT** (Abrams, $65), with a text by Phillip Lopate, are the work of a world traveler, but the streets of Manhattan are always home base, and nobody has quite Burckhardt's feeling for the collage of the buildings and the pace of the people moving along the sidewalks. Many of Burckhardt's finest films are a bohemian's urban tone poems, in which he records the bewitching power of dawn and dusk and high noon in Manhattan—the jumpy rhythms of Times Square, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

melancholy of demolition sites. Burckhardt has, until recently, been a somewhat beneath-the-radar figure. For many years he was perhaps better known for his photographs of artists and their studios than for his photographs of Manhattan streets, and all the while he was also painting landscapes, both in the city and in the country, and producing a huge cache of movies ranging from studies of places to amusing slapstick narratives that are the Keystone comedies of the New York avant-garde. Burckhardt's contemplative spirit is illuminated by bolts of pristine wit. A close friend of the poet and dance critic Edwin Denby, he is also remembered as a figure who bridged New York's literary and artistic worlds, and one of the most beautiful illustrated books of the 1950s is a collaboration between these two men, *Mediterranean Cities*, with sonnets by Denby and photographs by Burckhardt.

POETS AND THE VISUAL ARTS—it is a vast subject; and all through the twentieth century artists and writers collaborated almost constantly, sometimes with such intensity that it seemed as if they were passing back and forth a single flask labeled "Inspiration." Few poets have written more eloquently about the visual arts than Rilke, and one of the most beautiful books of the year is his **AUGUSTE RODIN** (Archipelago Books, $30), translated by Daniel Slager, with photographs by Michael Eastman, which bring us close to the charged surfaces of Rodin's bronzes, and catch their storm-tossed intensity. Rodin was at times a disturbingly bombastic artist—while his *Gates of Hell* may be the work of a genius, it is also pure kitsch—but in the years just after 1900, when Rilke got to know him, the avant-garde was still inclined to embrace Rodin as a rough-hewn visionary, a man in whose studio, as Rilke wrote, "everything was becoming, but nothing was in a hurry." For Rilke, both Rodin and Cézanne suggested, through the very physicality of their labors, a route beyond fin-de-siècle preciosity. Rilke discovered in Rodin a man who was utterly committed to the materiality of the artistic vocation. Rodin taught Rilke to make his feelings concrete.

Several of the greatest lines in the *Duino Elegies* are devoted to Picasso's *saltimbanques*. Picasso was close to a great many poets, and he himself took to writing prose poems in the 1930s, piles of them, which have now been translated as **THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ AND OTHER POEMS** (Exact Change, $19.95). Michel Leiris observes in an afterword that Picasso's work here is closer to Dadaism than to Surrealism, and I suppose this is a way of describing the tumble of images, as in a poem from 1938, where we hear about "sugar of the halting breath of the shutters jumping with a single leap in the naked expiring body of the sheet of paper," and so on and on. These works, generally bereft of punctuation, give us the meanderings of Picasso's imagination without the ordering influence of line and color and form, yet they have a certain interest, as if we were peeking into the movements of the mind.

An infinitely more transparent glimpse into an artist's mind is to be found in **SEBASTIAN'S ARROWS** (Swan Isle Press, $40), a collection of writings by Salvador Dalí and Federico García Lorca, dating from the 1920s and 1930s, when the painter was young. There are lectures and letters by Lorca, who was

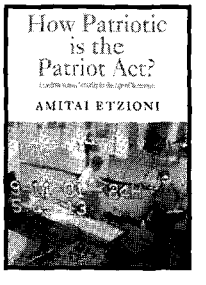
New Essential Reading

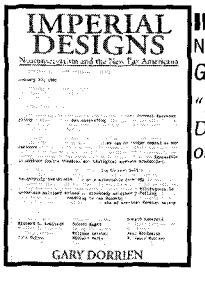
FREEDOM'S SWORD
The NAACP and the Struggle Against Racism in America, 1909-1969
Gilbert Jonas
With an Introduction by Julian Bond

"Freedom's Sword promises that the organization's legendary leadership and visionary activism is crisply remembered for generations to come."
—Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., Former president of the National Urban League

HOW PATRIOTIC IS THE PATRIOT ACT?
Freedom Versus Security in the Age of Terrorism
Amitai Etzioni

"Even for those of us who disagree with some of his conclusions, this book provides valuable insights into the essential task of maximizing safety while minimizing invasions of liberty."
—Nadine Strossen, President, American Civil Liberties Union



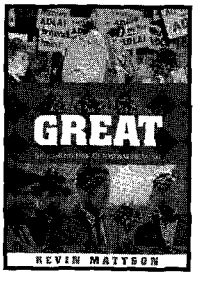


IMPERIAL DESIGNS
Neoconservatism and the New Pax Americana
Gary Dorrien

"Did neoconservative intellectuals help lead us to war in Iraq? Gary Dorrien's probing, stimulating book helps us answer this question once and for all. Imperial Designs *is brilliant and timely."*
—John Patrick Diggins, author of *Up From Communism*

WHEN AMERICA WAS GREAT
The Fighting Faith of Postwar Liberalism
Kevin Mattson

"Writing with both insight and passion, Kevin Mattson invites us to reconsider the intellectual life of the years between World War II and the late Sixties. Along the way, he gets us started on a project that is long overdue: Liberalism without shame."
—Thomas Frank



Routledge Taylor & Francis Group 1.800.634.7064 WWW.ROUTLEDGE-NY.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in love with Dalí, a love that Dalí later said was never consummated. And there are Dalí's letters to Lorca, including, from 1925, this burst of enthusiasm about the possibilities of his new, Surrealist-academic style: "After fauvisme, figures that stand. And there's nothing as marvelous as feet pressed to the earth under the 'weight' of the body. In Egypt, better than in Poussin, we find both feet on the ground." And then a little later, turning this sober Neoclassical declaration into amusing seduction, Dalí exclaims, "When I paint, I paint without shoes because I like to feel the earth very close to my feet."

THE ARTISTS' WRITINGS published this season include Mark Rothko's **THE ARTIST'S REALITY: PHILOSOPHIES OF ART** (Yale University Press, $25), a treatise that Rothko probably wrote in 1940–1941 and then left in typescript. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that this publication—lovingly and discreetly edited by the artist's son, Christopher Rothko—is a major event, for to open *The Artist's Reality* is to discover buried treasure. This is a fully worked-out theory of art, written by an essential American painter at the very dawn of his artistic maturity. In its ambitions and its encyclopedic reach, Rothko's book harks back to *System and Dialectics of Art*, the treatise produced in the 1930s by John Graham, another pioneering American painter; and if Rothko ultimately chose not to publish these wide-ranging chapters, it may be because the whole drift of artists' writings in the 1940s was toward the elliptical and the fragmentary—toward the hint, the glimpse, the shard of an idea that would not stand in the way of the work, which was supposed to speak for itself more and more. Rothko's son explains that he and his sister were hesitant about publishing this manuscript, and yet they were absolutely right to do so, for it is an essential part of the story of how the Abstract Expressionists laid claim to art's expressive power. For Rothko, art involves "the enlargement of human emotionality to the plane of a universal emotionalism"—and this treatise can be read as a prolegomenon to the coloristic intensities of the paintings that he would be producing by the end of the 1940s.

Here Rothko takes on the great aesthetic questions: engagement and escapism, form and feeling. You can see that he is shaking off both the formalism of the early twentieth century and the Marxism of the 1930s as he moves toward his own brand of romantic humanism. *The Artist's Reality* has not yet received the sustained attention that it deserves, but I am sure that it will loom large as time goes on and artists and art historians grapple with its subtleties.

I want loose clothes
on my body, as light
as waving hands.

I fear
what the past will do to me
in the future.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

—translated from the Hebrew by Leon Wieseltier

CERTAIN OTHER BOOKS THAT have been published this year, because they are presented as literary works rather than art books, are in danger of having little or no impact on the visual arts, which would be a loss. **THE LETTERS OF ROBERT DUNCAN AND DENISE LEVERTOV** (Stanford University Press, $39.95), edited by Robert J. Bertholf and Albert Gelpi, has been widely reviewed, with an emphasis on the breakup of the friendship of these two poets around 1970 over their disagreements regarding how best to deal with their despair over the American adventure in Vietnam. But it is worth noting that among this fine book's many strengths is the view it provides of artists' lives. Duncan's partner was the painter and collagist Jess Collins, and we are given a stirring portrait of his artistic coming of age, while Levertov's life in New York offers some vivid pictures of East Coast artistic controversies and alliances, especially an evening in the 1950s spent with Leland Bell, who denigrates the Abstract Expressionists even as he celebrates Balthus and Hélion.

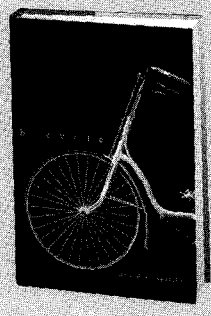
JUST THE THING: SELECTED LETTERS OF JAMES SCHUYLER (Turtle Point, $21.95), edited by William Corbett, is yet another poet's book with resonances in the visual arts, for Schuyler spent many years living with Fairfield Porter and his wife Anne, and the glimpses afforded here of Porter—of his rapt engagement with his work and his relations with his friends—have a special immediacy and pungency. Schuyler and Porter were only two of the figures in a commingling of poets and painters in mid-twentieth-century New York, and while many of the poets wrote about many of the painters, Porter was rare among the painters in that he was himself a first-rate critic and a serious poet as well. This conversation between poets and painters continues today, and Bill Berkson, a poet who as a young man was close to Frank O'Hara, has just published **THE SWEET SINGER OF MODERNISM AND OTHER ART WRITINGS** (Qua Books, $20). Berkson's essay collection ranges from Pollock and Hofmann and de Kooning to an account of the nineteenth-century photographer Carleton Watkins, and includes many artists who have made their homes in California, where Berkson now lives. *The Sweet Singer of Modernism*—that is Berkson's description of Hofmann—is animated by an easygoing prose style, an exact feeling for the power of images, a keen respect for the value of an artist's words, and an abiding fascination with the art world as a social fabric.

Berkson's book is not illustrated, save for an Alex Katz painting on the cover, but his prose conveys the excitement of images. Writing about Joan Mitchell, he observes that "the sharpness and snap of [her] colors steady the overall effusion—the sense, even, in some, that the painting might be leaping out of its skin. She adds colors together like a writer arranging by the phrase. One color seeks out another, and in the interchange, light happens." When I read prose like this, I find that images appear in the mind's eye. And this experience, I believe, tells us something about the character of art. While there is no replacement for the direct, unmediated experience of a painting or a sculpture, art does have a power that transcends its materiality. We register that power through the emotion that we experience when we read about a painting or a sculpture—or when we regard such works through the admittedly diminished medium of photographic reproduction. What we learn from these experiences is that even when we are outside art's presence, we are held in art's power. And so the art book is at once prolegomenon and afterglow—an echo or mirror or commentary that offers its own demonstration of art's ineradicable force. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yale books make great gifts

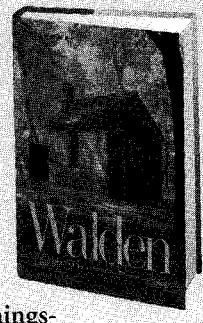
BICYCLE
The History
David V. Herlihy



"Very readable. . . . One of the best-illustrated histories I have ever seen [and] a delight to leaf through."
—Robert Messenger, *Wall Street Journal*

"[A] vivid account. Herlihy . . . makes [this history] a story to tell your friends about."—*Publishers Weekly*
98 b/w + 115 color illus.

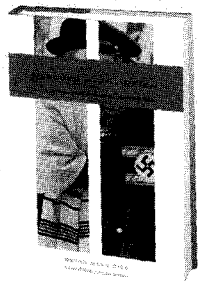
WALDEN
A Fully Annotated Edition
Henry D. Thoreau
Edited by Jeffrey S. Cramer



This ultimate gift edition of *Walden* is "fascinating. . . . A Thoreau encyclopedia in one volume!"
—Joel Porte, author of *Consciousness and Culture: Emerson and Thoreau Reviewed*

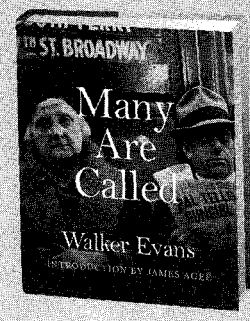
"A handsome 'all-things-*Walden*' edition."
—Michael Kenney, *Boston Sunday Globe*
Winner of the 2004 National Outdoor Book Award in the Outdoor Classic category

RESCUED FROM THE REICH
How One of Hitler's Soldiers Saved the Lubavitcher Rebbe
Bryan Mark Rigg
Foreword by
Paula E. Hyman



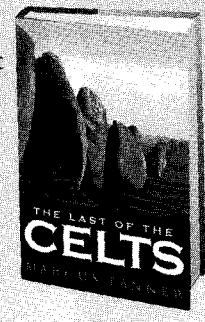
"One of the more extraordinary true stories of Holocaust rescue. . . . Rigg tells the story in detail for the first time in a bold yet measured way."
—Sandee Brawarsky, *Jewish Week*
50 illus.

MANY ARE CALLED
Walker Evans
Introduction by James Agee
Foreword by Luc Sante
Afterword by Jeff L. Rosenheim



"[These] subway pictures are arguably the work of Evans at the height of his powers [and] a collective portrait of New York."
—Randy Kennedy, *New York Times Book Review*
Published in association with The Metropolitan Museum of Art 90 duotone illus.

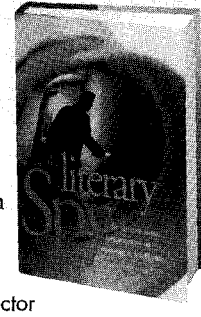
THE LAST OF THE CELTS
Marcus Tanner



"[A] special book that every prodigal and true Celt should read."
—Malachy McCourt, *Washington Post Book World*

"Fascinating. . . .
Stimulating and thought-provoking."
—David A. Wilson, *Toronto Globe & Mail*
20 illus.

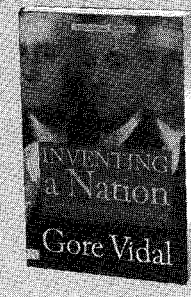
THE LITERARY SPY
The Ultimate Source for Quotations on Espionage & Intelligence
Compiled and annotated by
Charles E. Lathrop



With more than 3,000 quotations this is "an invaluable companion for fans of spy fiction, the history of intelligence, or just delightful browsing in the fascinating world of espionage."
—R. James Woolsey, Director of Central Intelligence 1993-1995

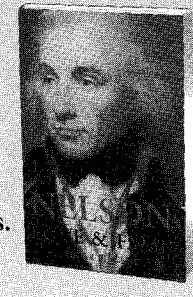
New in paper

INVENTING A NATION
Washington, Adams, Jefferson
Gore Vidal
A *New York Times* bestseller



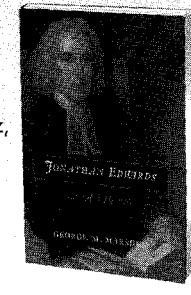
"An engaging [and] . . . unblinking view of our national heroes by one who cherishes them, warts and all."
—Edmund S. Morgan, *New York Review of Books*
A Yale Nota Bene paperback

NELSON
Love and Fame
Edgar Vincent
A *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year



"A remarkable book on all fronts. . . . Masterly."
—Hilary Spurling, *New York Times Book Review*
18 b/w + 58 color illus.

JONATHAN EDWARDS
A Life
George M. Marsden
Finalist for a 2003 National Book Critics Circle Award in biography
Winner of the 2004 Bancroft Prize



"The finest biography of this towering figure."
—Benjamin Schwarz, *Atlantic Monthly*
30 illus.

YALE University Press
Available wherever books are sold • yalebooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEE SIEGEL ON TELEVISION
The Attraction of Repulsion

I.

THE GANGSTER GENRE IN film, television, and popular literature is breathing its last. This may be an offer that American culture does not want to refuse. The very term "gangsta" is a half-parodic and fatal disrespect of the earlier word. And now comes the ultimate parody, which is to say, the ultimate burial, in *The Godfather Returns*, the much-unawaited and long-unhoped-for sequel to Mario Puzo's potboiler classic of 1969, which inspired the higher classics of Francis Ford Coppola's two (not three) timeless films. The mere fact that a new novel about the Mafia has to borrow the characters and the storylines from an old success indicates genre senescence.

THE GODFATHER RETURNS
By Mark Winegardner
(Random House)

THE SOPRANOS
(HBO)

Written by Mark Winegardner, the novel unfolds during the same timespan portrayed in Coppola's films, but its conceit is to cover dimensions of the original characters' lives that Puzo and Coppola neglected, as it were, to relate. Among these are Fredo Corleone's secret homosexuality (his brother should never have kissed him on the mouth in Havana, Cuban revolution or no Cuban revolution!); Michael Corleone's experiences fighting the Japanese in World War II; the Sinatra-ish singer Johnny Fontane's hidden strength of character (completely unforeshadowed, as the professors say); Michael's taste in books (*Peyton Place*); and more such mobster annotations.

The book's hero is not Michael but one of his friends, Fausto Dominick "Nick" Geraci Jr., who becomes a deadly rival. Nick is a former heavyweight boxer, an enforcer, a thug, a murderer, and a highly sensitive man who prefers serious books and intelligent reflection to watching television. He is a very peculiar cross between Luca Brasi and Benedetto Croce. Winegardner apparently couldn't go on for hundreds of pages without inventing *someone* he could talk to. The other characters utter lines like "I think I have an idea about how to handle things with Russo." Winegardner writes lines like "For now, they'd keep a close eye on the men who'd betrayed them but turn their efforts to building a new set of allegiances." As I say, the end of the line. New York publishing has accomplished what New York policing finally could not.

It was once a rich, riveting, endlessly inventive, and surprisingly meaningful line. Puzo's novel inaugurated the final phase of the gangster as a figure of spine-tingling mass diversion. But American culture itself had to undergo a jolt into a new phase before Puzo's and Coppola's outsized characters could enter the popular imagination as instant archetypes. In 1968, a year before *The Godfather* appeared, a book was published that, along with everything else happening that year, permanently changed America's perception of violence. The book came at a time when the American capacity for violence was so general that it seemed anybody could erupt at any moment: a middle-class white kid at an Ivy League school, a mild-mannered black kid just trying to get by in the inner city, some run-of-the-mill redneck with a high-powered rifle, cops who just minutes ago were serving and protecting and now were busting citizens' heads. In Vietnam, American boys who had been drafted from all over the country were coming home in body bags, and in American cities crime was soaring—so it seemed that anybody could be the victim of violence at any moment, too. And then, in 1968, the country famously erupted.

The book in question was about the banality of evil, but it was not about systematic mass killing. Genocide, no matter how plain the perpetrators seem, always eclipses the "banality" of its practitioners; but killing among a group of people not dedicated to killing, people who murdered only when necessary, and mostly on economic grounds or for reasons of practical power relations—killing as a way to put bread on the table and to keep status anxiety at bay: this kind of crime was small enough in scale to keep the true ordinariness of its perpetrators in full view. The book contained these passages, and others like them:

> Around 1950 or so Mildred decided that nothing will do except that we had to own a house. One day she calls me and she says she has found a house in Yonkers, New York. She wanted me to see it. I told her if she liked it, that was good enough for me .... By this time the boy had finished his days in school. It was one of the best in New York City.... He boarded there and came home only on holidays, as we wanted to keep him off the streets of the Bronx.... He married young, and I built three rooms onto the house in Yonkers for him and his wife.... I painted the whole house inside and out, and I used the best paint. I was very handy at home, that is, when I was home, as I was always busy with this and that.... As far as the neighbors were concerned, I was always a gentleman. Naturally by the hours I kept they got around to asking Mildred what did I do for a living. Mildred told them that I had the Lido, so they figured I was just a guy who ran a restaurant. Some of the neighbors would come into it every now and then, and they all said they liked the food very much. I ran a clean place. Any girl could come in there alone—you know, without being escorted—and if some guy bothers her, he gets thrown right out on his ass....
>
> A little after four o'clock there is this knock on the door [of the Lido].... I open it, and in comes Pat Pagano and Fiore. They got Steve Franse with them. "Hey, Joe," Pat says, "we want Steve to see your joint."
>
> Well, I fix drinks, and we talk about how the Lido is doing, and we walk around the front, and then we go into the kitchen. That's when it happens. Steve is a little guy, and Pat is pretty big. Pat grabs him from behind—he has got him in an armlock—and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other guy, Fiore, raps him in the mouth and belly. He gives it to him good. It's what we call "buckwheats," meaning spite-work.

I'm standing guard by the kitchen door when Pat lets go and Steve drops to the floor. He is on his back, and he is out. They wrap this chain around his neck. He starts to move once, so Pat puts his foot on his neck to keep him there. It only took a few minutes. . . .

I'll say one thing thinking about them days. I am a happy man that I brought up my kid naïve, so he wouldn't be in the life I was.

THE BOOK WAS PETER MAAS'S *The Valachi Papers*, and the laconic reminiscences came from Joseph Valachi, the first "made" member of the Mafia ever to break the code of silence and describe the inner workings of that hitherto mysterious organization. Without Valachi—and sooner or later a Valachi was bound to appear—there would have been no *Mean Streets*, no *Goodfellas*, no *Prizzi's Honor*, no *Married to the Mob*, no *Analyze This*, and, finally, no *Sopranos*—that stream of gangster entertainments created from the bottom up, films that made the world of people just like you and me seem to resemble the world of the violent criminals on the screen.

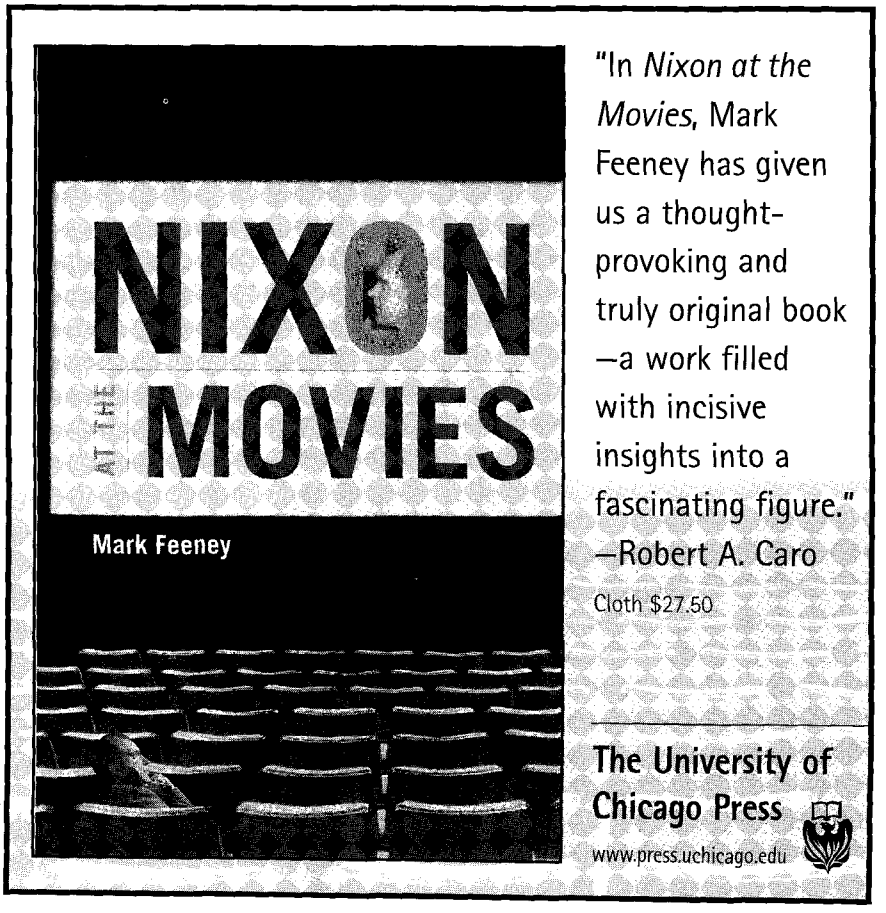
It is hard to know whether Valachi's revelations horrified readers at the time, or comforted them by demystifying the Mafia, or reassured them with a kind of violent distraction from violent developments. Americans have never really gotten outraged over the Mafia, maybe because it was Italians who were killing mostly other Italians, and Italians have often been the white Negroes of American culture, unfairly portrayed as being either too physical and instinctual to be completely white—Sylvester Stallone in the *Rocky* movies—or too parochial and prosaic to be black—John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. (Stallone was the first choice to play Eddie Murphy's role in *Beverly Hills Cop*.) One thing is certain, though. The world of the gangster portrayed by Valachi and Maas, and in movies and on television, exerts a powerful influence over how Americans think of themselves: as entrepreneurs, as clients and consumers, as beings driven by appetite and enticed by America's promise of absolute gratification on just about every front.

II.

ONE OF THE REMARKABLE things about *The Sopranos* is that it is the first television series about gangsters, to my knowledge, to have gangsters as the (at least partially) sympathetic protagonists. *The Sopranos*' lineage derives from American films that go way back to the 1930s, though its parent, of course, is *The Godfather*, which the series' characters quote from, dream about, and feel empowered by, but which also makes them feel, as Tony puts it in the show's very first episode, that they have come too late. In this respect Tony and his crowd are like all Romantics. In *The Sopranos*, Coppola's films have died and come back as legends. It is bewildering that in such an atmosphere of gangster-film self-consciousness, Random House thought it could publish a sequel to Puzo's novel as if Puzo's novel had not engendered Coppola's films. And yet the heroic characters of Coppola's masterpiece—the Corleones, the "lion hearts"—are far removed from this (again to quote Tony's weary self-description) "fat crook from New Jersey" and his equally pedestrian crew.

With his panic attacks and his depression, his destructive mother and his emotional dependence on her, Tony has nothing in common with Vito Corleone or Michael Corleone, whose mothers play no full human role. Imagine Brando's Don fainting from anxiety—but James Gandolfini's falls during his blackouts, which deliberately evoke physical power by its very dissolution, are like parodies of Brando's slow, grasping, refusing-to-yield collapse when he falls onto his car and then into the gutter after being shot at the fruit stand, and then when he is fatally stricken by a heart attack in his vegetable garden. Gandolfini's Tony Soprano is more reminiscent of Cody Jarrett, Jimmy Cagney's gangster in *White Heat* (1949), who suffered from migraine headaches and a mother fixation that makes Tony's tortured relationship to his mother look like a *Madonna and Child* by Raphael. But then, in a family named the Sopranos, it makes sense that the men would be haunted by the unacknowledged feminine undertow of their machismo.

Despite the fact that he is a sociopath and a killer, Tony also seems like a good


NIXON
AT THE MOVIES
Mark Feeney
"In *Nixon at the Movies*, Mark Feeney has given us a thought-provoking and truly original book—a work filled with incisive insights into a fascinating figure."
—Robert A. Caro
Cloth $27.50
The University of Chicago Press
www.press.uchicago.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guy at moments, though anyone who thinks that he really is a decent fellow, capable of change, is going to be brutally, probably fatally, disappointed. He is intermittently sympathetic because we see his bruised, tattered, stormy inner life, mostly through the window of his sessions with his therapist. We learn about the assortment of traumas, wounds, insecurities, buried aggressions, and stifled affections that make up Tony's—and every other person's—inner life. And those scenes of him operating privately, domestically with his wife, Carmela, and his children, Meadow and Anthony Jr., and his uncle Junior, and his sister, Janis, have the effect of sometimes blurring our awareness of his savage "public" activities. These disclosures of Tony's psychic life and private life make it more difficult to judge his outer deeds. One minute he is destroying Sandy the sports-store owner, his boyhood friend who made the mistake of borrowing money he couldn't repay; the next minute he is snapping at Janis for dissing a black doctor, or rushing to the side of one or another of his mistresses who needs his help; and the minute after that he is explaining to an astonished Sandy, in a breathtaking and almost redeeming moment of self-awareness, that he is destroying him because "that's my nature."

IN ART, WHEN EVIL ACQUIRES INteriority, the result is tragedy; but in life, the result is confusion and a paralysis of judgment. How do you judge a guy who is such a vulnerable yet self-aware mess? Whaddya gonna do, send Macbeth to the electric chair? Now that we live in a totally psychologized culture, where even pet birds have interiority—there is a new DVD meant to calm lonely, alienated parrots—moral confusion is everywhere. This makes it hard to create tragedy in art, because nowadays representing the interiority of bad people does not offer a cathartic revelation, it merely rehearses the general chaos.

Chaos, however, is the spirit of comedy. And so the way back to tragedy in art might be to tease the comic quality out of the riot of interiority, and out of the rampant disclosure of private things that are hampering art, and then to find, when we are laughing so hard that it hurts, that the tragedy is to be found in the comedy. There is something modestly funny about Valachi saying, "I was very handy at home, that is, when I was home, as I was always busy with this and that." And there is something remedially tragic about it, too, as that peaceful homemaking circumstance and that violent one grow larger, and then finally clash. Anyone who thinks that *The Sopranos* is principally a comedy—who thinks that, for example, Tony Blundetto's impulsive brutal beating of the Korean businessman who was going to help him go straight is funny, as one critic described her reaction—is striking a pose. Still, what makes *The Sopranos* original, uncanny, riveting, and also funny is that it paints a deadly accurate portrait of a culture exhausted by psychology. The show is a semi-comic playing-out to the absurd and bitter end of the endless contemporary revelations of inner life and private life that neutralize our attempts to make sense of right and wrong.

The series was created in a time when we are surrounded, in our treatment of public figures and celebrities, and in our "reality" shows, by disclosures of private and psychic life that make us feel inferior to no one, and liberated from being judged as much as from having to judge. Americans are everywhere taught to believe that inner psychic life is larger than the peopled world and the natural world around them. *The Sopranos* is the tonic counter-tendency to this universe in which analysis really is what Freud hoped it would be: interminable. The show's constant juxtaposition of private and psychic life with brutal outer actions and events has the effect of showing that all our introspecting and secret-telling is nothing compared with the actuality of the world around us, outside us.

For all his therapy, Tony is still a monster. For all the characters' strong loves and hates, someone is dying of cancer in nearly every episode. For all the show's dream sequences, outer life and external events still work their havoc on the characters. When the FBI catches someone with the goods, as in the case of Big Pussy Bonpensiero, or tricks someone into thinking that they have been caught with the goods—as in the case of the amoral and weirdly innocent Adriana—and threatens them with imprisonment, that person undergoes a transformation. When someone needs to survive, they do whatever brutal thing they have to do to survive, despite their immediately previous gestures to everyday familiar feeling: Tony Soprano kills his beloved cousin because such a heinous act is the only acceptable alternative to the destruction that the rival sociopaths in New York would visit upon his family. So *The Sopranos* makes all our interiorizing funny and absurd. That is its comedy. And it owes its tragedy, too, to the same fatalistic sense of the power of externalities—of the outer world of action and consequence, where the bad guys, for all their extenuating and even endearing psychological qualities, are still bad. When the camera, almost surreally, shows us Tony both looming and isolated in his environment, it shows us a man at the mercy of his environment, his inwardness flapping uselessly in the wind.

III.

COMMENTATORS ON *THE SOPRANOS* sound one note over and over again: Tony and the people in his world are us. They are the dysfunctional American family. They are the dysfunctional suburban American family. They are the embodiments of the petty liars and crooks who currently run the country. They are the embodiments of our greedy age of Enron and WorldCom, cheaters and corner-cutters who think that they can have everything for nothing. They are depressed like us, and angry like us, and confused teenagers like us, and bewildered parents like us, and adults whose gigantic sense of entitlement is perpetually disappointed like us.

The assumption behind these comparisons is that, like all gangster movies, this gangster series uses a story about criminals to make a cathartic, moral, even romantic point about the buried qualities of everyday life. Yet what many people see as *The Sopranos'* normalization of the gangster—defining deviance

Psalms

I wish everyone
in the world
would begin to read
the names
in this phone book
more than Psalms.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

—translated from the Hebrew by Leon Wieseltier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down, to borrow Daniel Patrick Moynihan's phrase—was right from the start an essential quality of the crime drama, which, like the cowboy movie, was never really about its subject. Its subject was always something else. The achievement of *The Sopranos* is that it stands this model on its head.

In the early 1930s, gangster movies were the prototypes of today's police shows. Like the solitary cop who is in his department but at odds with his department—a true American hero, he invents his own conformity—the gangster-protagonist was both part of his world and endangered by it. The first great gangster movies appealed to Depression-era audiences because Cagney and Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni satisfied the audience's hunger for vicarious rebellion *and* for the catharsis of seeing a hungry little guy, driven more by feelings than greed, slapped down by greedy and more ruthless big guys. As Robinson's Rico says in *Little Caesar*, "Money's all right, but it ain't everything." Rico was an insecure bully with a soft heart who couldn't kill his best friend when he had to and so was done in by harder men. Cagney, as Tom Powers in *The Public Enemy*, was a poor kid shoved into crime by his environment, who had a soft heart for his mother and for maternal women, and who also got finished off by mugs tougher even than he (and he was tough). And Muni in *Scarface*, tormented by incestuous desires, kills his best friend for seducing his sister, not realizing that the two of them had just gotten married. At that moment, like Rico and Tom, he becomes a victim of his own strong feelings, and, like them, he is felled by stronger and more brutal men, who are not susceptible to their emotions. His unnaturally violent life, the film seems to say, was the only possible outlet for stifled, unnatural feeling. For all three characters, their soft side is a quality that respectable society, in the form of the police, will not accept and that criminal society will not assimilate. Their vulnerable side is a pathological excess in both contexts. In other words, it is romantic.

HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS HAD a liking for the gangster. Showbiz and the underworld, after all, are the two places in American life where people who do not fit into mainstream society can flourish in a parallel universe. (What made *Get Shorty* so delightful was its tale of a gangster who slips effortlessly into the role of Hollywood *macher*.) In the mid-1930s, however, an interesting change occurred, which is often attributed to the moralistic Hays Code urged by the government on Hollywood studios, but which really had more to do with the deepening misery of the Depression. The Hays Code frowned upon any glamorous psychological extenuation of the gangster's violence, and this certainly led to more simplistic portrayals of bad guys. Gone, for the most part, were the doomed and semi-poignant mama's boys who killed to suppress the feminized side of their natures. Yet an increasingly despairing American population was not exactly in need of stories about how psychic pain led to evil deeds. It wanted stories about how inner distress could create a tortured good; and so Cagney and Robinson now appeared as driven, obsessive G-men and cops who were just as brutal and amoral as the now one-dimensionally evil gangsters they chased in the pursuit of justice.

LIKE THE EARLIER GANGSTER movies, however, these flicks still used their morally ambiguous characters to point outward, away from the film itself, to latent human complexities and capacities. And so the film noir that followed these films represented a further revolution in the development of the gangster type as symbolic of regular people. The ethically mottled protagonists in noir were not gangsters, but they were not cops either. They were private citizens, "private eyes," which meant that they could just as well be you or me. (All you need is a cute secretary and a door with your name on it.) Even the cops in post–World War II crime dramas, such as Cornel Wilde in *The Big Combo*, and Glenn Ford in the *The Big Heat*, and maybe Dana Andrews in *Laura*, were so screwed up that they didn't seem like cops at all. They were ordinary people with small guns and big neuroses. (Have gun, will twitch.)

By the time film noir played itself out in the early 1960s, the crime drama had almost entirely lost its specificity. It was now possible to portray bad guys with such a capacity for good, and good guys with such a capacity for bad, that *The Godfather* could put on the big screen gangsters who were every bit as noble and heroic as, say, Elliot Ness had been twenty years earlier. This is why Tony Soprano and his pals are obsessed with *The Godfather*. *The Godfather*'s sanitizing of criminality—a kind of waste management—is a boost to their feeble consciences. There is no ethical difference between Gary Cooper's showdown with evil in *High Noon*—another movie that obsesses Tony—and Michael Corleone's showdown with the rival mobster and the corrupt cop in that Bronx restaurant.

CULTURALLY SPEAKING, THE PREmiere of Coppola's *Godfather* in 1972 was a watershed moment. It was at a time when the middle class was embracing the values of the counterculture—when, as Michael Harrington wrote that same year, "businessmen started hanging nonobjective art in the boardroom [and] Bohemia was deprived of the stifling atmosphere without which it could not breathe." Puzo's and Coppola's Mafia was just as subversive of law and order and conventional values as the SDS or even the Weathermen had been; but the Corleones combined anti-social behavior with the exceedingly conventional activity of making money. They were, you might say, highly unregulated capitalists. And Brando, the rebel without a cause before *Rebel Without a Cause*, T-shirted, tight-jeaned, crotch-swelled Brando, who was Elvis's favorite actor and the spirit of rock and roll before there was rock and roll—this actor was the perfect fusion of countercultural sentiments with, in the form of the intensely traditional Don Corleone, middle-class sentiments.

In one stroke, then, Italian family-feeling met Italian-American white-Negro sensuality, and countercultural rebellion met commercial instinct. In 1972, when the postwar boom blew itself out, the gangster movie came full circle from the gangster movies of the Depression. The gangster was once again romantic, but this time not in the tradition of "sick" romanticism, not as someone whose inner energies society had transformed into outer demons. After film noir's dissolution of moral categories, and its complex universalization of the gangster, and after *The Godfather*'s identification of the gangster with the most positive, energetic elements of American life, the gangster was finally ready to become Everyman. That is to say, the gangster became ripe for satire. Winegardner writes about his gangsters in *The Godfather Returns* that "before long they could stop using fronts and operate in the open, indistinguishable from any of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the master criminals known collectively to suckers everywhere as the Fortune 500." In his earnest moral equivalence-making, he is about twenty years behind the times.

From *Prizzi's Honor* in 1985, and (the semi-satirical) *Miller's Crossing* in 1990 (in which Gabriel Byrne was the first movie gangster to throw up from fear), and Brando's send-up of Don Corleone in *The Freshman* the same year, up to De Niro's send-up of his Don Corleone in *Analyze This* in 1999 (both Brando and De Niro were throwbacks in this regard to George Raft, who satirized his own gangster image in *Some Like it Hot*), the gangster film became more and more of a metaphor, an ironic comment on hidden social dynamics, on the gangsterish spirit behind American get-up-and-go. As the Mafia was being steadily curtailed by the forces of law enforcement, the mafioso was becoming a comic, if lethal, figure.

MEANWHILE, QUENTIN TARantino was caricaturing violence itself as a comic event. You began to get a spate of funny movies in which hit men were lovable and capable of love: *Grosse Pointe Blank*, *The Whole Nine Yards*, and so on. So all through the growth of the money culture in the 1980s and 1990s, a smiling avarice and entrepreneurial hardness in politics and society coincided with what one might call the comedification of murder and greed on the big screen. And it was hard to tell whether these films were satires on the ethos or expressions of the ethos, because the comic gift bespeaks intellectual capacity and ironic self-knowledge, and a thug with those qualities becomes a pretty formidable human being. So does a funny, ironic businessman with thuggish qualities.

Until then, comedy had always been on the side of the vulnerable outsider. But when the funny and deadly gangster became a figure of fun, he gradually displaced the funny and decidedly undeadly nebbish. Why laugh at weakness when you can laugh at strength? Which is to say, why laugh anymore at Woody Allen and Albert Brooks? When De Niro vanquished Ben Stiller in *Meet the Parents*, the nebbish became (I hope) extinct. (Adam Sandler, Jim Carrey, and Larry David are nuisances with an edge of menace, not nebbishes.) The gangster who spoke in stiff, formal, educated cadences, with a thick, ethnic accent, using clumsy syntax and hilarious malapropisms (Tony Soprano is the contemporary master of the form: "you're like an albacore around my neck," "revenge is like cold cuts," and so on) and expressing homicidal sentiments, became a stock comic figure.

But it was a figure that was contrinuing to lose specificity as it was gaining symbolism. The injured, pathetic gangsters of the 1930s, and the morally ambiguous cops or private eyes of the 1940s and 1950s, and Coppola's larger-than-life heroic bad guys, and Scorsese's smaller-than-life regular-seeming bad guys: they were all allegories for The Evil In Our Hearts or The Way We Live Now. Like them, the funny-deadly gangster referred to something outside himself; but with this figure's arch and knowing send-up of himself, which incorporated or alluded to all the earlier forms of the gangster, the funny-deadly gangster seemed to signify curtains for the American mobster on the silver screen. The melting, through the medium of comedy, of the gangster into an ordinary American type (and vice versa) seemed to leave movie mobsters with no place to go but toward deeper identification with the Darwinian routines of American materialism, and so on. Thanks to the satire, the regular American guy began to fill the role of the gangster, who had always beckoned toward the regular American guy anyway. Enter Tony Soprano.

IV.

FROM *THE SOPRANOS*' OPENING episode, when Tony suffered his first panic attack, which made him immediately sympathetic, and then chased down and beat a man who owed him money, which made him immediately repellent, *The Sopranos* was a problem. Some people, intimidated by all the violence and confused by the "mixed signals," put up a front of being cool and unaffected by the most disturbing drama ever put on television. But the fact that you did not know how to respond to the show, and could not look to any cultural precedents for the correct interpretation, is the essence of *The Sopranos*' originality. After the culture's metaphorizing, and commodifying, and comedifying, of violence and degradation—as if, in the end, violence and degradation were cultural phenomena and not actual experiences—*The Sopranos* returned brutality and brutal sentiments to real life.

The vexing thing about the American gangster movie was always that, for all its implicit or explicit analogies between gangsterism and the hidden underside of the American way, it was always distracting you from the true nature of violence and brutality. But *The Sopranos* is remorseless in its de-idealization of its people. Its wit is never its last word about its subject. The show never lets you forget that you are enjoying an emotional and physical horror.

Tony and his gang are *not* us. You and I don't drive around town with a bruised and bloody corpse in our trunk, do we? And we wouldn't, right? They are not Kenneth Lay, and they are not the Bush administration. And the connection between Tony's real family and his crime "family" is not symbolic, or even ironic. How could even the most "dysfunctional" American family be like a crime family unless it was, actually, a crime family? Our whole culture is bedeviled by the simile, by the relentlessly mediating and protective preposition "like." Things are constantly—and democratically—sliding into other things; a movie, a book, a trial, a scandal become social and political palimpsests to be unpacked, analyzed, interpreted, so that by the end of all the commentary, life's real facts and events have been reduced to nice, cushy abstractions, with easy, comfortable morals and conclusions. Nothing is allowed, like, to just be, to follow its own nature. But a person is a particularity without end; a person cannot be appended to "like." Novelists know this better than anybody, and the quality of *The Sopranos* may accurately be described as novelistic. (Which is why, incidentally, it can be properly reviewed only when each season is over. Would a literary critic review only the first chapters of a novel?)

THE SOPRANOS IS A FUGUE of incomparable, ungraspable personalities. They don't fit into other categories. All their shifting takes place inside themselves. An example: Tony Soprano's soft, suffering psychic underside leads him to Dr. Jennifer Melfi, who is attracted to Tony's machismo because the men in her world—like the boyfriend who gets beaten up in front of her by Tony's detective friend—are soft and ambivalent, but she is also repelled by Tony's brutality, just as she was repelled by the brutaliza-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

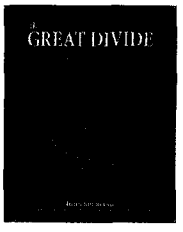
tion of her boyfriend. She feels that she can help Tony, but she knows that she can't, though she doesn't really want to, except that she does, and Tony frightens her, but he attracts her, because she needs his elemental power in her life the way she needs a man in her life, though Tony is the last thing she needs, since she is strong and independent and humane (the only such character in this gallery of damaged and damaging people), despite the fact that Tony's influence makes her, at different times, weak, depressed, reliant on alcohol, dependent on her own shrink and her ex-husband, and coarse and unfeeling, though she remains a decent person and a caring mother. And yet after her rape and the release of the rapist on a technicality, she has the impulse to ask Tony to injure or to kill the rapist, but when Tony, knowing that something very bad has happened to her, asks her to tell him if there's anything that he can do to help, and she knows that here is her chance to empower herself by having her revenge on the man who assaulted her, she looks at Tony with precisely Tony's ferocity, and says, "No!" as if she had sublimated her urge to have the rapist killed into aggression against the man whose feral quality had inspired that urge, thus in one stroke obliterating Tony and her attraction to Tony, while unwittingly, or maybe semi-consciously, keeping the latter alive through the intensity of her response. All this, on American television!

Another example: Carmela Soprano has profited from Tony's thuggery, but tries to hide from herself the true nature of how she is living by, say, taking ritual trips with daughter Meadow to the Plaza Hotel, where Carmela wears long white gloves that make her stick out clumsily even from this not exactly refined crowd, as if the ugly reality of her life were sticking out behind her, which is her inescapable fate, this inescapable tawdriness. Carmela doesn't love Tony, she needs Tony, she hates Tony; the material things in her life that she escapes to in order to forget Tony have their origin and sustenance in Tony, so in their big bed, in their big bedroom, in front of their big television, at night, she can put her arms around her big Tony and fool herself into thinking that the husband she despises is actually the material things that she cherishes, and that her happiness is at one with her marriage. And yet she still looks to Furio, Tony's Italian henchman, for an escape from Tony; and to her son Anthony's guidance counselor Mr. Wegler, to whom she was drawn because he gave a break to her feckless son, and onto whom she displaces a father's function: she keeps trying to convince him to help her son, because she loves him the more he seems devoted to her family. And so she commits adultery for the first time in twenty years of marriage, but Wegler thinks that she is using him to help her son, and she thinks she loves him and so is unafraid to ask for a favor for her son, and she really does love him in her fantasy-escape world, so Wegler is wrong, but she really is using him, so Wegler is right, and when he tells her that he wants to break it off, she threatens him with a sudden vicious glint in her eye, just as Tony would have done, because if she ever could live apart from Tony, she would have to act like him to make up for the fact that he wasn't there, and she can't do that for long, so she goes back to him after their separation, where she will suffer from him,

ADVERTISEMENT

THE INDEPENDENT PUBLISHER MARKETPLACE

Order these books directly through **www.tnr.com/books**



THE GREAT DIVIDE:
Retro vs. Metro America
By JOHN SPERLING

A comprehensive road map for Democrats and Metro America to take charge and transform our nation. RETRO, 25 states, 35% of the population, firmly Republican. METRO, 25 states, 65% of the population, urban-suburban, home to diversity, industry and technology.

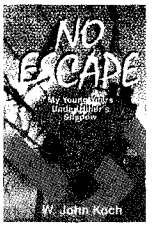
"A smart and sobering analysis"
—George Soros

$39.95, 296 pp: (full color)
ISBN 0-976062I-0-0

IMPERIAL DESIGNS
By GARY DORRIEN

"Imperial Designs is an intellectually sophisticated study of the neoconservative ideologues who have seized control of U.S. foreign policy. Extensively researched and carefully argued, it provides a brilliant portrait of their background and ideas, as well as a call for a liberal internationalist alternative."
—Lawrence S. Wittner, Professor of History, SUNY-Albany and author of The Struggle Against the Bomb

Hardcover, $30.00; 298 pp
ISBN 0-415-94980-7

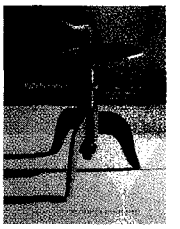


NO ESCAPE
My Young Years Under Hitler's Shadow
By W. JOHN KOCH

A rare English-language review by an ordinary German citizen trapped by events and by an ideology he despised.

"John Koch has walked a bridge that all our generations have feared to cross."
—Tim Coates

www.wjkochpublishing.com/noescape.asp
Hardcover $29.95; ISBN 0-9731579-1-7
Softcover, $14.95; ISBN 0-9731579-2-5



FOLK FURNITURE
Of Canada's Doukhobors, Hutterites, Mennonites and Ukrainians
By JOHN FLEMING & MICHAEL ROWAN

A stunning visual record of beautiful artifacts. Over 100 photographs of large furniture items such as storage chests, benches, cradles, and tables, to small kitchen items including spoons, breadboxes, and cookie cutters. The authors take an interpretive approach to the importance of folk furniture and its intimate ties to people's values and beliefs.

Hardcover, $60.00; 176 pp
ISBN 0-88864-418-3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and try to live apart from him, but in safety.

And there is Tony himself. He is at first the occasional victim of the show's unrewarding efforts to make him a Representative Man for contemporary times—Melfi is incited by Tony to speak with him about "the climate of rage in American society." Tony longs for the days of strong men and submissive women, he longs for a time when people followed the rules, when everything had its place in the social hierarchy: he longs, as he tells his son in anger, for 1954. This Tony resembles the movie gangster of yore in the way that he points to something outside himself, in this case to that quintessentially American figure, the rapacious innocent, the destructive creative, a veritable gangster who speaks of the rules even as he breaks them, who extols hierarchies even as he undermines them, who smiles his way through the hell he condones and helps to create. And on and on it goes. What better example of the willfully, cunningly, smilingly deluded American person than this middle-aged gangster who still holds in his mind the figure of Gary Cooper as a model of manliness and virtue, and who was told when he was a little boy that his imprisoned father was in Montana being a cowboy?

BUT BY THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRST season, the character of Tony had obviously escaped his creators' rational purposes and begun to unfold, uncontrollably, in their imaginations. Tony started out as a borderline personality—the technical name for a clinical narcissist. He perfectly embodies the features of this very "now" condition: emptiness, fragmentedness, overwhelming shame, rage, manipulative charm alternating with spasms of self-loathing, and the capacity for "splitting," which is the tendency to idealize someone and then furiously to demonize them when they reject or disappoint: thus, when Melfi resists a tender and seemingly loving Tony's attempts to seduce her, he flies at her with rage, curses her, and almost kills her. Borderline personalities almost always have parents who suffer from the same syndrome, and in Tony's mother, Livia, a figure of almost Greek malevolence who actually plots to assassinate her son, clinical narcissism reaches the peak of its devastating imperfection. One of Tony's favorite

Mt. Zion

What have you piled on this mountain—
a trash heap of faiths,
like my hope that is no more.
It is terrible to see the land
from afar and not enter it,
but it is more terrible
to enter it.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

—translated from the Hebrew by Leon Wieseltier

imprecations, which he applies to all the other murderous nut-cases in his world, is "motherless fuck," which in the context of clinical narcissism acquires poetic power.

But in that inaugural season as the character of Tony became more particularized, the borderline personality blurred into the very concrete Tony Soprano, and the character acquired the particularity-without-end that is the condition of every great fictional creation. Tony is moved by animals, terrified by a bear, refuses to harm his treacherous Uncle Junior out of family feeling, detests the FBI yet allows them to play him a tape that tips him off to his mother and his uncle's plot against him, comes to his sister Janis's aid when she needs him but humiliates her in front of her new beau Bobby when he resents her happiness, has the cop who gave him a ticket re-assigned, feels bad, tries to get the cop his job back, then shrugs the moral impulse off with "Fuck it, he got what he deserved."

The fugue of shifting meaning inside each character goes on and on. Yet all the meaning is ultimately meaningless. No wonder Tony in one episode keeps flushing the toilet to keep the FBI from electronically eavesdropping on a conversation; no wonder he spends an entire episode defecating and vomiting; no wonder Adriana throws up when the FBI terrorizes her. All this interiority, like all the psychological introspection with Melfi, has no place to go. You cannot interpret people like these. You have to judge them.

FOR ALL *THE SOPRANOS*' cutting-edge sex, violence, and profanity, it is a reaction against the ideal of the cutting edge. It is a living, Bosch-like spectacle of what happens when you follow, to the bitter end, the culture's cajolings to gratify your senses at whatever cost. Tony and the people in his crew, in his world, are trompe l'oeil people. Their inner commotion connotes a humanity that isn't there. They exemplify what Irving Babbit once called "the inherent laziness of mankind." Tony: "Maybe I was too lazy to think for myself." Carmela: "I have forsaken what is right for what is easy." In his great scene—his great aria, one is tempted to say—in Dr. Melfi's office near the conclusion of this last season, Tony describes himself with grand self-disgust as "the robotic prisoner of my pussy-assed weakness." All the show's characters are at the beck and call of their instincts, of their subconscious desires.

"Addictive" is a word that gets loosely applied to entertaining television series, but *The Sopranos* is addictive in the literal meaning of that word: it offers the weekly portrayal of people who actually, as if consummating the culture's wildest promise, act immediately on their impulses. There is no gap, no hiatus, between what they want to do and what they do. If it feels good, they do it. (Like Tony's therapy, his psychotic nephew Christopher's twelve-step recovery is a hopeless enterprise.) They seem to have erased the boundary between the conscious and the subconscious. Tony's subconscious, certainly, is catching up with him; that is why he dreams so much and so vividly. The existences portrayed here are not irrational, they are prerational and in this sense primal (like the driving, pulsing music from the Bada-Bing Club that courses through every episode) and therefore genuinely fascinating. The spell that *The Sopranos* exerts on its viewers is a perfect illustration of what Dickens called "the attraction of repulsion."

But there is another, more fundamental reason why *The Sopranos* has become so hugely popular. It has to do with the honesty of the show's representations, at a time when "reality television" is launching its silly, indecent siege against both art and reality. Reality shows, with their enforcement of fraudulent appearances, with their easy, trite, built-in meanings, want to disable the intuition, to suppress the viewers' sense that things are not the way they look. Reality television replaces popular culture's cathartic make-believe with the purveyance of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transparent lie. *The Sopranos*, in its original mixture of naturalism and outrageous theatricality, offers an antidote to all this unmanaged waste.

The uncanny performances of every actor on the show reflect the contemporary struggle, exponentially intensified by the spirit of commerce, between how things look and how they really are. In *The Sopranos*, appearances are regularly, yet still shockingly, disrespected. Carmela's sudden feral threat—over the top and rivetingly convincing—to Wegler; or Tony's equally sudden jolt from tender seductiveness to homicidal fury with Melfi: this is exactly how these people would act if they were real, and their behavior echoes what you know, on the deepest intuitive level, about how people truly are. And this really real unreality that results when inner life and outer life converge reflects *The Sopranos*' essential nature. It is a long study of the specificity of human existence, of the finality of human temperament. Like Tony's inner life, the moral filth in this sublimely disabused show is simply there. It is, as some guys in certain neighborhoods of South Jersey might say, what it is. At last, people who are not peddling transcendence! In a culture of recreational or instrumental transcendence, in which Change Is Our Friend, in which everything is ultimately "like" everything else, it is a blessing to have popular art that does not impair the sense of reality, but sharpens it. ■

James Wood

The Ogee Curve

THE LINE OF BEAUTY
By Alan Hollinghurst
(Bloomsbury, 438 pp., $24.95)

IN THIS SEASON OF JAMES-CHASING, here is the real thing: a novel at once in explicit dialogue with Henry James and more quietly but deeply infected by the rhythms of his prose. But Alan Hollinghurst's novel is not an example of overfed antiquarianism; it rations what it needs from the Jamesian gift. Hollinghurst's talents are themselves quite large enough to manage any overwhelming predecessor, and the result is a confidently contemporary novel, set in a privileged London world of the 1980s, which faces backward and forward, alive to what James called the "palpable present-intimate" but ripe with inheritance.

Hollinghurst's prose is a genuine achievement—lavish, poised, sinuously alert. His sentences are rich but not languid. He is an aesthete who finally avoids aestheticism, partly because, in a characteristic Jamesian swerve, he is morally suspicious of an aestheticism whose charms he also swayingly registers. His writing is most Jamesian, perhaps, in its constant air of poised intelligence, the sense we have that Hollinghurst, while recording the sensuous delights of the world that he is describing, is intent on placing and carefully measuring the claims of that world.

The novel is set in Notting Hill, and revolves around a large stuccoed family house, which looks onto one of London's communal gardens, those blessed holidays from the city accessible only to a few fortunate keyholders. One of those lucky ones is Nick Guest, the young gay man from whose eyes we see the action of the novel. Just down from Oxford, presently a graduate student at the University of London at work on the ideally vague thesis "style in Meredith, Conrad and James," he is a merely middle-class young man thrown into—or rather happily nested in—an upper-class world.

Nick is a lodger, as his name suggests, in the family home of his Oxford friend Toby Fedden, whose father, Gerald Fedden, is a rising star in Mrs. Thatcher's government. Gerald and Rachel Fedden are aristocrats; in addition to the Notting Hill house there is the country pile of Rachel's brother, Lord Kessler. By contrast, Nick's father is a provincial antiques dealer, and Nick, who is in love with the "pompous spaces" of the Feddens' houses, also remembers that he used to visit places like these as a child, but in a very different station: accompanying his father on professional trips to wind the houses' antique clocks. Hollinghurst deftly catches Nick's mingled adoration and reserve when he writes that he looked at the rare furniture in Lord Kessler's house "and found his heart beating with knowledge and suspicion."

SINCE WE SEE THIS MATERIALLY rich world through Nick's eyes, it is Nick's doubleness, at once insider and outsider, at once known friend and unknown homosexual, that usefully alienates Hollinghurst's own richness as a prose stylist, letting his gorgeous sentences swim, as it were, in a thinner medium than the one into which they were born. There are passages of wonderfully free lyricism. Twilight in London is exactly described: "Above the trees and rooftops the dingy glare of the London sky faded upwards into weak violet heights." The two white stuccoed terraces of Notting Hill houses "stared at each other with the glazed tolerance of rich neighbours." Inside the Fedden house, a huge main staircase of stone ascends from the large hall, while "the upper flights had the confidential creak of oak." (Hollinghurst, like his Master, enjoys the chafing lull of alliteration.) As he picks out disjointed notes on a piano, "the faltering notes were like raindrops on a sandy path." Gerald Fedden, lying by the side of a swimming pool, has fallen asleep, "head bent over a book in his lap, but unambiguously asleep, since the pages of the book stood up in a quivering comb." Someone settles a wet umbrella on the floor "like a blown flower." Wani Ouradi, a beautiful Oxford friend of Nick's, is described—in rather Firbankian terms—as "sweetnatured, very rich, and beautiful as a John the Baptist painted for a boy-loving Pope."

Hollinghurst has a poet's lyrical impulse, but these passages are rarer than his more usual and novelistic composure, which tends toward the ironically comic. Nick is intelligent and sensitive, and this necessarily distances him from the less intelligent and less sensitive upper-class world he has chosen to join. His ally is not, in fact, his friend Toby, who turns out to be dismayingly conventional as the London years stretch on through the 1980s, but Toby's sister Catherine, a troubled manic-depressive who has tried to commit suicide. It is Catherine who jokes that her father has never liked the people he represents in his rural constituency: "If only you didn't have to be MP *for* somewhere, Gerald would be completely happy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many of Nick's encounters with the absurd ambassadors of this realm are as funny as anything in Waugh. Toby's friend Sophie Tipper, a posh girl trying her hand at acting, boasts that she has just landed the part of Lady Agatha in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, "a role," comments Hollinghurst, "which famously contained nothing but the two words 'Yes, mamma.'" Sophie's mother, Lady Tipper, gets into a confused argument with Nick about AIDS and about how the gays "had it coming." Nick replies that, certainly, homosexuals will have to be careful now, or just switch to oral sex, which is less dangerous. "Kissing, you mean," comments Lady Tipper, all-knowingly. Gerald's mother, Lady Partridge, a ferocious old conservative, complains that Mrs. Thatcher's Home Secretary has, in a politically correct way, been talking boringly at dinner about the necessity of combating racism. "'He talked a lot of rot at dinner on ... the *coloured* question. I wasn't next to him, but I kept hearing it. *Racism*, you know'—as if the very word were as disagreeable as the thing it connoted was generally held to be." And by contrast with this world of easy ignorance, a working-class Oxford friend of Nick's, who is always trying to start intellectual discussions, is instantly recognizable when Hollinghurst tells us that at Oxford he had been known as "the ablest historian of his year," but had "failed to get a first [class degree], and seemed now to be acting out some endless redemptive viva."

The range of Hollinghurst's comedy, its elasticity, is nicely shown when Gerald Fedden decides to impress some of his politician friends with a concert at home. A Czech pianist is hired for the evening. The ghastly concert arranged by Charles Ryder's father in *Brideshead Revisited* surely casts a shadow here. But unlike Waugh, who plays his short scene only for laughs, Hollinghurst expands his, mining it for its subtle criticism of a certain kind of English society. The pianist performs Beethoven, Chopin, and Schubert, and the delicate massive music seems, at least to Nick, to challenge the complacent audience with its radical otherness. One man cries, yet most are simply eager for it to be over: "It was all so sudden and serious, the piano was quivering, the sounds throbbed through the floorboards, and there were hints on some faces that it could be thought rather bad form to make quite so much noise indoors." As soon as the last piece ends, "firm applause broke out, given a new edge of enthusiasm by the fact of its being the end—the whole experience was suddenly seen in a brighter light, it was time for a drink, they'd all done rather well." But the pianist is not done; she tortures the audience with three encores, ending with a frilly virtuosic confection by Khachaturian. In conversation afterward, everyone goes around praising the popular Khachaturian ("I liked the last piece she played. I think I've heard it before.... Got a swing to it"), and saying things like "there seems to be an absolute mania for concerts.... This is the second one I've been to this year." It is already high summer.

There is also the dinner party that yields this finely preposterous, absurdly circular dialogue:

> "I'm doing a doctorate at UCL—on ... on Henry James," said Nick, seeing the style question might lose her completely.
>
> "Oh..." said Jenny warily, getting a hook on it. "Yes. I've never got round to Henry James."
>
> "Well..." said Nick, not caring if she had or not.
>
> "Or hang on, did I read one? *Dr Johnson* or something."
>
> "No...I don't think so..."
>
> "No, not *Dr Johnson*, obviously...!"
>
> "I mean there's the Boswell."
>
> "It was set in Africa...I know: *Mr Johnson*."
>
> "Oh, *Mister Johnson* is a novel by Joyce Carey."
>
> "Exactly, I knew I'd read something by him."

While Nick is ingratiating himself into this society—like the narrator of *Brideshead Revisited*, he is politic, adaptable, and mild-mannered—he is leading a very different life outside it, or alongside it. He has a blind date with a black council worker named Leo, and the two men have sex in the Notting Hill communal garden. After Leo, he turns to the desirable Wani Ouradi, a millionaire whose father owns a supermarket chain, and who does not know that his son is gay. Wani likes inviting a third man, preferably a stranger, to his sessions with Nick; he is also addicted to porn and to cocaine. As in Hollinghurst's first novel, *The Swimming Pool Library*, part of the pleasure here is the traditional novelistic one of being invited to inhabit a new world, and of being confined to the radical optic of this world. Women are never physically appraised in Hollinghurst's fiction, and barely noticed as sexual beings (though this novel has several female characters, the most interesting of whom, Catherine Fedden, is a poignant, affecting creation). But men are described and redescribed as eagerly as Melville's whales. As ever, Hollinghurst's writing is precise and alive. A handsome waiter is checked out by Nick: "His dressy trouser-front curved forwards with telling asymmetry." Nick's erection is "still buttoned away in a hard diagonal." (How exact that phrase "hard diagonal" is. Hollinghurst, unlike some of his American coevals, knows when to end a sentence.)

Nick's homosexuality is a tolerated fact in the Fedden household, though, in English fashion, toleration requests discretion from its lucky beneficiaries. Gerald and Rachel Fedden are happy to keep Nick in their attic as long as they do not have to know about the actualities of his sexual activity. Nick, meanwhile, is falling deeper and deeper, thanks to Wani, into a wealthy hedonism that must be kept secret from the Feddens, as well as from Wani's Lebanese parents, who have already selected a fiancée for their scion. Nick and Wani become regular coke-snorters, chopping and sniffing "the fine white fuses of pleasure" behind closed doors. "Nick loved the way coke took off the blur of champagne, claret, Sauternes, and more champagne. It totted up the points and carried them over as credit in a new account of pleasure." Wani, whose aimlessness is merely a richer version of Nick's (Nick essentially sponges off Wani), fiddles about with the idea of making a film of James's novel *The Spoils of Poynton* (itself a wonderfully comic, unwittingly undergraduate kind of idea). He then decides to set up a glossy magazine named *Ogee*, dedicated to beauty.

Nick comes up with the word "ogee," used in architecture to describe a double curve: "The ogee curve was pure expression, decorative not structural.... The double curve was Hogarth's 'line of beauty,' the snakelike flicker of an instinct, of two compulsions held in one unfolding movement." Nick has this idea while lying in bed with Wani in an atmosphere of "uneasy post-coital vacancy." The double curve, of course, is suggested to him by the dip and rise of Wani's back and but-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tocks: "He ran his hand down Wani's back. He didn't think Hogarth had illustrated this best example of it, the dip and swell—he had chosen harps and branches, bones rather than flesh. Really it was time for a new *Analysis of Beauty*." It is this that gives Hollinghurst his novel's title, a deliberately ambiguous phrase, both the curve of a body and a line of coke.

HOLLINGHURST'S BOOK IS BROken into three parts, dated 1983, 1986, and 1987—the rise and dip of the money-infested, sex-loaded 1980s, a spoiled ogee curve of its own. In the first section, Gerald Fedden has just been elected to Parliament, and is clearly in the ascendant. Nick and Toby, and all their chums, have come down from Oxford, with everything ahead of them. Nick loses his virginity to the comely Leo, in the communal gardens. The 1986 section represents the decade's ripe, wavering acme: parties, cocaine, the swill of money, and sex still unhaunted by AIDS. But in Hollinghurst's account there is little pleasure, there is only degradation, in this particular line of beauty:

> Tristão bent to snort his line, and Wani felt his cock and Nick felt his arse.... Wani was down on his knees, trying clumsily to do justice to the thing he always wanted. His pants were undone, but his own little penis, depressed by the blitz or blizzard of coke, was puckered up, almost in hiding. He was lost, beyond humiliation—it was what you paid for. He sniffed as he licked and sucked, and gleaming mucus, flecked with blood and undissolved powder, trailed out of his famous nose into the waiter's lap.

In the novel's final section, titled "The End of the Street," everything unravels, as we knew it would. Leo dies of AIDS, and Wani is now deathly ill; his parents continue to maintain that he caught it from a lavatory seat. Gerald Fedden narrowly retains his parliamentary position in the general election of 1987. But he is soon being investigated for financial irregularities. The baying press, now camped outside his Notting Hill mansion, discovers that his lodger, one Nick Guest, is the lover of Wani Ouradi, the son of the supermarket millionaire and Tory Party donor. Gerald is finished as soon as this story is revealed, and the Feddens turn on Nick, who has kept, it seems, so much from them. "It's the sort of thing you read about, it's an old homo trick," Gerald tells Nick, in a final scene of some power. "You can't have a real family, so you attach yourself to someone else's. And I suppose after a while you just couldn't bear it, you must have been very envious, I think, of everything we have, and coming from your background too perhaps ... and you've wreaked some pretty awful revenge on us as a result." The novel ends with Nick's ejection from the house and family. He stands outside the building, literally houseless, feeling a kind of terror, "made up of emotions from every stage of his short life, weaning, homesickness, envy and self-pity...."

THIS IS AN UNDENIABLY LOVEly novel that is also an undeniably moral one. Still, the way in which it makes its moral critique is not unproblematic. Though Hollinghurst's prose has about it an air of Jamesian moral intelligence, one has the uneasy feeling that Hollinghurst is more in love with his gilded world than he can always acknowledge. The novel sometimes surrenders to a kind of yearning, not unlike Waugh's in *Brideshead Revisited*, the yearning that the middle- or even upper-class writer may sometimes feel for thoughtless, graceful aristocracy. So the reader feels that the novel's moral "turn"—the fall from grace into the horror of the 1987 crash—comes not a moment too soon, because the book needs precisely its moral quickening, that there has been a little too much gilded drift. But then the final section rather rushes this business of ethical critique, bundling it all into a series of rapid, over-emphatic collapses—AIDS, Gerald's downfall, Nick's expulsion.

In the end, the explicit moral doubleness of Hollinghurst's ogee curve, "the line of beauty," is less effective as a mode of critique than Hollinghurst thinks it is. The reader gathers that the line of beauty may be both a good thing and a bad thing. Beauty can be dangerous: is not this a properly Jamesian argument about the menace of aestheticism? But Hollinghurst's own conceit of the doubleness of the line of beauty seems to offer something more reduced than James offers. After all, while the novel certainly seems to condemn the line of beauty that leads to a line of coke, it does not seem to condemn—and why should it?—the line of beauty that is a boy's ass. The very device that seems to bind beauty and morality together—the double curve of beauty—in fact enacts a binarism, an alternative, in which we are free to choose one line of beauty (the good kind) over another line of beauty (the bad kind). In other words, the novel seems to be delivering itself of a critique only about the potential uses and abuses of aestheticism; whereas James suggests that aestheticism is intrinsically dangerous. It is not just that Gilbert Osmonds come along and pervert aestheticism, it is that aestheticism lends itself in some essential way to perversion. That deep-rooted moral wail is not quite heard in Hollinghurst's book, for all that he wants it to be (he even makes explicit reference to *The Portrait of a Lady*).

In order to turn his beautiful novel into a beautiful and moral one, moreover, Hollinghurst effects a narrative unraveling so extreme that the book also ends up holding to a somewhat trite and anachronistic vision of the homosexual as a figure always doomed to be unhoused and exiled from happiness, solitary and lonely, without family or friends, always nostalgic for a bosom that has always, if only secretly, rejected him. If this picture of gay life were proffered by a straight writer, it would seem the merest sentimental prejudice. Proffered by a gay writer, amid the ruins of 1980s AIDS, it seems appropriately melancholy; but it is worth pointing out that Hollinghurst only reaches this sentimentality—banished Nick standing outside the place that has been his home for four years—because his novel has needed the extremity of its moral turn, in which, as it were, the story itself must turn on its beautiful creations and devour them in moral flames. One could imagine a novel just as moral and just as beautiful that was slower-burning, in which moral criticism seemed prolonged and systemic rather than hasty and just a little bit contrived.

For all this, though, *The Line of Beauty* is an ample and sophisticated delight, charged with hundreds of delicate impressions and insights, and scores of vital and lovely sentences. It is at once domestic and political, psychological and historical. It is funny, moving, and finally despairing. Perhaps its appropriation of James does it more harm than good—when ballast is taken on, fuel also leaks out—but the Jamesian comparison suggests the measure of Alan Hollinghurst's ambitions, and how finely near to fulfilling them his book comes. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Mad About Me

NO ARTICLE OF MINE HAS received anywhere near as much attention—positive or negative—as the defense of Bush hatred that I wrote last year ("Mad About You," September 29, 2003). Actually, the point of the article was not that Bush hatred was good, but that it was understandable. Conservative after conservative had expressed bewilderment that liberals could so dislike George W. Bush. I argued that the way he attained office and governed made this hatred inevitable. In the course of writing the article, it felt dishonest to approach the topic in a purely detached and clinical fashion. So I opened with a paragraph confessing that I, too, shared a deep and personal loathing for Bush. This admission scandalized a number of critics, and the latest to be scandalized is my friend (and TNR's stellar legal affairs editor) Jeffrey Rosen. In this space last month, Jeff asked, "Might not [Chait's] *decision to wallow in his hatred of Bush* run the risk of distorting his judgment?"

LET ME RESPOND BY APPLYING THE SORT of close textual analysis that Jeff would no doubt find familiar. First, there's the word "wallow." I've been known to wallow in certain obsessions—did you know I'm not a fan of supply-side economics?—but, if a portion of one article qualifies as wallowing, then the bar is being set pretty low. Nor do I think that expressing my hatred in print undermines my ability to make judgments about Bush's policies. Suppose I held my loathing in my head or shared it only with close friends and family. Would that make it any better? I know lots of people who despise Bush but don't have access to the print media. Lacking a print outlet for their revulsion does not seem to have made their judgments of the president more charitable. So Jeff must mean that the fact that I despise Bush as a man has compromised my judgment. But, if my Bush hatred were interfering with my critical faculties, then I would reflexively oppose Bush even when he takes positions that I would normally be expected to support. Yet I unequivocally and repeatedly defended Bush's decision to invade Iraq, the single biggest policy decision of his presidency. And my opposition to, well, just about everything else he's done is shared by others who tend to agree with me ideologically. So my Bush hatred doesn't seem to have distorted my judgment.

I'D EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO ARGUE THAT what is really distorting perceptions in Washington today is not Bush hatred but an effort by many center-left pundits to be evenhanded and "reasonable." Let's call those prone to this tendency "thoughtful observers." Thoughtful observers tend to see any given problem as equally the fault of Democrats and Republicans, and, like Jeff, wish both sides could get along better. They tend to be held in high esteem by both sides. But, when it comes to analyzing the administration's actions, the Bush-haters have been right, and the thoughtful observers have been wrong. I don't mean "right" and "wrong" in a normative sense—judging whether Bush's policies are good for the country. I mean it in a descriptive sense. Thoughtful observers believed during the 2000 campaign that Bush had broken with the conservative wing of his party and took him at his word when he promised a new era of bipartisan comity. (As Joe Klein editorialized for *The New Yorker*, "[T]here is only one possible governing strategy: a quiet, patient, and persistent bipartisanship.") After September 11, 2001, they expected that Bush would embrace a kind of national unity government and abandon his most partisan goals. Both assumptions clearly proved wrong. Certainly, Bush hatred can distort one's thinking. But it's not the only kind of distortion, and, in recent years, it hasn't been the most important kind.

JEFF PROCEEDS TO ARGUE THAT "CLINton, Bush, and Kerry hatred are all reflections of precisely the same phenomenon, which results from the transformation of politics into theater." This is another comforting parallel that obscures more than it reveals. The deep personalization of politics under Bill Clinton reflected a deliberate Republican strategy. Clinton had moved his party to the center, leaving it with few unpopular policies. Republican opponents of the administration had little choice but to turn voters' attention toward Bill and Hillary's unappealing personal qualities. Rush Limbaugh said in 1994 that harping on Whitewater was a way to defeat the Clinton health plan. (Polls showed that voters supported every element of the Clinton health plan; but the Clintons' intense personal unpopularity made voters distrust anything called the "Clinton plan.") Likewise, Republicans have shrewdly used Bush's personal popularity to compensate for the unpopularity of many of his policies on health care, the economy, and management of the Iraq war.

I'D LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN FOR American politics to revolve entirely around policy and for everybody to ignore personality. I'd happily vote for an obnoxious, philandering, dog-kicking tax cheat who carried out effective policies at home and abroad. Why, then, if the real basis for my opposition to Bush is his performance in office, would I even bother to mention my personal disdain for him? It's a reaction to his success at passing himself off as a moral paragon, and even as a great leader in the mold of Winston Churchill and Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, the intense personal animosity many harbor against Bush didn't really blossom until the last couple of years, in response to the absurd cult of personality that grew up around him in the wake of September 11. As I wrote in my defense of Bush hatred, liberals produced a lot of cultural kitsch in the 1990s (*Dave*, *The American President*, the early years of "The West Wing") glorifying Democratic presidents. Annoying as they could be, the point of these fantasies was to imagine an idealized president who, unlike Clinton, didn't have to engage in the grubby compromises of real-world Washington. Conservative propaganda has also created a fantasy president, but this one is named "George W. Bush." If his followers did not revere him so slavishly, and if frank appraisals of his background and personal qualities had not been so marginalized, it would be much easier to accept with equanimity the fact that the leader of the free world is basically the Fredo Corleone of the Bush family.

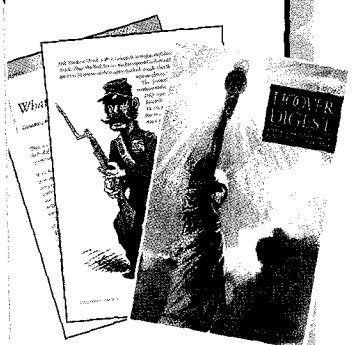
OOPS. THERE I GO AGAIN, INDULGING IN base emotions and cheapening the public discourse. I've got to stop doing that.

JONATHAN CHAIT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting-Edge Commentary on Public Policy

HOOVER DIGEST
RESEARCH AND OPINION ON PUBLIC POLICY



FREE ISSUE

Receive a complimentary issue of the latest Digest without obligation.

Call 800.935.2882 or visit www.hooverdigest.org

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

In the new issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

Year Three in the Terror War

The good news? We're winning. The bad news? We could still lose.

Things in the strategic sense are ever so slowly looking up. . . . As critics harp about the fighting [in Iraq], a battle-hardened cadre of American veterans has emerged that is liquidating its opponents every day and thus gradually changing politics on the ground. The media have completely missed the story of just how good our combat battalions have become. . . . [Meanwhile,] much of the world will continue to opportunistically and publicly chide us—while privately praying for our success.

—Victor Davis Hanson

Good Schools . . . for the Rich

School choice is already available—unless you're poor.

Middle-class and wealthy families have the means to choose neighborhoods with good public schools or to send their children to private schools. Tens of millions choose where to live because of the quality of schools nearby, something people of lesser means cannot do. . . .

School choice programs in Milwaukee, Florida, and elsewhere have boosted academic performance and expectations for poor students. They have also exerted competitive pressure on public schools to adopt long-overdue reforms. It's a shame that poor schoolchildren must continue to suffer from their lack of school choice—while wealthy Americans who enjoy school choice while opposing it for others fail even to acknowledge their rank hypocrisy.

—Clint Bolick

Also in the new issue

A World without Power
Tired of American global dominance? Just consider the alternatives. By **Niall Ferguson.**

***What* Culture Wars?**
Debunking the myth of a polarized America. By **Morris P. Fiorina.**

Report from Baghdad
Winning the war was easy. Winning the peace? Harder. What we have done wrong—and what we can still do right. By **Larry Diamond.**

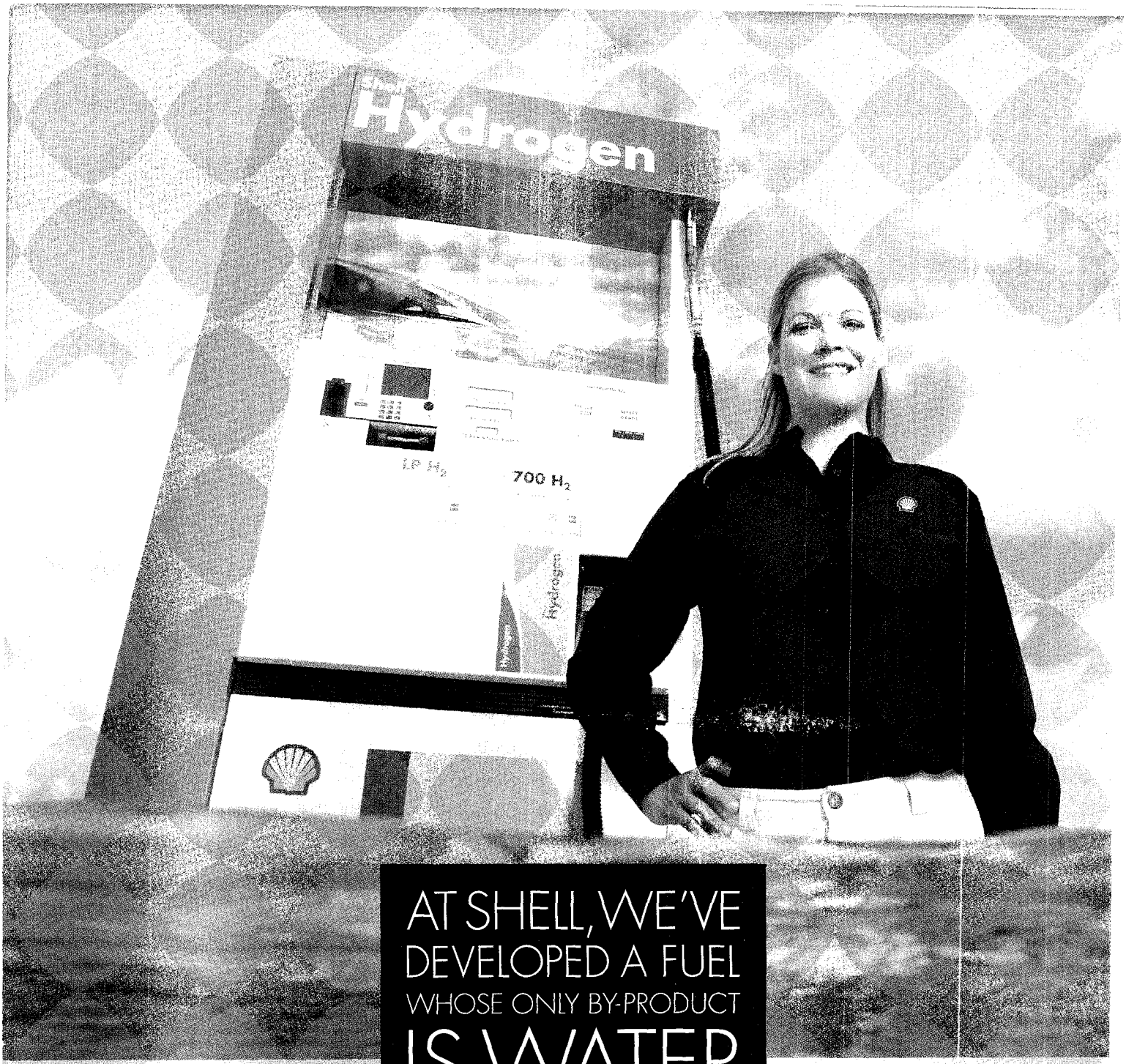
Call 800.935.2882 to receive a free issue!

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Stanford California 94305-6010 Toll-free: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AT SHELL, WE'VE DEVELOPED A FUEL WHOSE ONLY BY-PRODUCT IS WATER. HOW REFRESHING.

The promise of hydrogen is exciting, but commercial viability is a long-term prospect. At Shell there's progress toward the promise, thanks to a commitment to make the hydrogen economy a reality.

Key to this progress are strategic relationships with leading companies like General Motors and people like Kristin Andrichik, Business Development Advisor with Shell Hydrogen (U.S.). Kristin works to capitalize on Shell leadership in fueling technologies and GM's expertise in vehicle technology to determine the best path toward the commercialization.

The centerpiece of this union is the nation's first hydrogen refueling dispenser at a retail site, which supports a fleet of GM hydrogen fuel cell vehicles.

Ultimately, commercialization will depend on individuals choosing hydrogen. And through the efforts of Kristin and others like her, Shell is ready to meet those needs.

Visit www.shell.com/newenergies for details on this and other Shell activities.

"Shell Hydrogen" refers to a global business of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group and consists of separate companies set up to pursue and develop business opportunities related to hydrogen and fuel cells.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED